

Horticultural.

LAWN-MAKING.

There is nothing which adds more to the appearance of a home than a fine lawn. It makes no difference whether the home is in a city crowded by neighboring houses, or on a farm where plenty of room may be had to follow one's ideas, a well kept lawn, smooth, even and thick and dark green, is a most desirable addition to its surroundings. While apparently an easy matter to secure, a little experience will convince any one that it requires both skill and patience to make a lawn which will meet all requirements. In this city there are numbers of them which gladden the eye of every passer, and add very materially to the beauty of our principal residence streets and avenues.

But there is great deal of labor expended upon lawns to keep them in good order. Some of the labor, too, is not such as to add to their beauty. It seems to be an idea with many that plenty of water at all times is a necessity, and in the hottest sunshine they are being constantly sprinkled. A close observer will see the results of this in the rank growth of the grass and its thinness. It also tends to keep the roots near the surface, rendering them liable to winter-killing, or to drying up if water is not constantly supplied. Then, too, weeds are entirely too common in lawns treated this way, and while they are kept cut close by the lawn-mower, their presence is a sure sign that there is mismanagement on the part of the person in charge. Water is all right when applied in a proper manner. Nature's example may be closely followed with profit in this respect. Nature does not keep up an incessant sprinkling, and never under the rays of a hot sun. When the sky is clouded over she thoroughly drenches the ground with heavy showers. Then the sun comes out and for a number of days the grass is left to luxuriate in the warm sunshine without any more water to trouble it. This is the course to pursue in watering a lawn. Give it a thorough drenching in the evening, not a mere sprinkling, and then leave it alone for a number of days. Grass requires water at intervals, just as an animal does, but not an incessant sprinkling. When, during a dry time, you detect a wilting of the grass, or it gets covered with dust from the road, then drench it again, and thoroughly. Sprinkling only induces a rank, sparse growth and leaves bare spaces which are sure to be occupied by weeds. The following from the *London Garden* contains some good suggestions on this subject:

"The beauty of a lawn consist in the evenness of its surface, whether level or sloped, the absence of worm-casts, and of every kind of obnoxious plants, such as the daisy, plantain, crowfoot, &c. A lawn should also be free from coarse grasses, which greatly disfigure a smooth sward. Moss, too, is undesirable, although in the estimation of some it renders the turf soft and springy. To preserve a lawn in high keeping, considerable labor and attention are necessary, particularly during the summer months. In order to have a fine lawn, three things are necessary, viz., deep soil, proper kinds of grasses, and frequent mowings and rollings. As regards deep soil, let it be borne in mind that verdure, the chief point of beauty in a lawn, has to be maintained through the summer when the weather is hot and dry, and, therefore, there must be depth of soil, into which the grass can strike root. It is reported that the roots of common clover in trampled ground descend to a depth of four feet. One of the best lawns I ever saw was laid down upon soil—a good yellow loam of some depth—that had been deeply dug and then allowed to settle; on this was placed a layer of two inches of chalk broken fine, and the interstices between the chalk were filled up with the fine sweepings from a gravelled road. This was beaten down until the surface was perfectly level, and then the turf-cut from a neighboring common on which cattle grazed—was laid. This was the finest, softest, greenest, and most springy lawn I ever saw. A rich soil is not all necessary, because that would cause the grass to grow rank; what is wanted is a short grass and soft sward. Let the soil, therefore, be good, but not rich; depth and the capacity to retain moisture are the needful qualities. If the land be light and sandy, a mixture of a rather retentive loam should be added.

In selecting turf to make a lawn, as free from a common or roadside, as a lawn can be made as possible, should be employed. Common lands grazed by sheep, supply excellent turf. If seeds are to be used, the ground should be prepared and leveled in August, so that the seeds may be sown early in September. The turf should be laid down upon a piece of ground that requires draining; but if so, then it should be properly drained.

Major Poore, in the *American Cultivator*, takes a very sensible and practical view of forestry in the United States, a subject generally treated with more sentiment than sense. Our author says:

The talk about tree planting, called forth by Arbor Day, recalls a story Mr. Lincoln used to tell about a wealthy Hindoo, who, having been converted by the Jesuit missionaries, expressed a strong desire to visit Rome. The good missionary endeavored to dissuade him, fearing that what he might see there would disgust him with the Catholic church, but he persisted in going. After he had remained away over a year he returned, and the missionary called upon him with some misgivings. "The Hindoo," said the missionary, "has seen Rome, and he is now ready to return; but if the Catholic church can stand what I have seen, it must be the true church, and I propose to stick to it."

So with forestry in the United States. If it can stand the crowding upon it of foreign publications, the visionary theories of cranks, the statistical fictions of self-styled experts, and the taffy of politicians, with which it has been afflicted during the past ten years, it can but be successful. Yet it has had a heavy load to carry. I have read scores and scores of essays that were of no more value to the foresters of the United States than a lot of larch plants, forced into a sickly existence in English nurseries, but deprived of vitality by being baked in the hot hold of a steamer. The forestry work of a Scotch laird on his native hillsides, where tree plants can be set at a trifling cost to thrive in the moist climate, cannot be duplicated on this side of the Atlantic, where labor is high, and where the winds and the sun so harden the bark of young trees that comparatively few of them, when exposed unsheltered, ever attain the size of a hoe-handle.

When a candidate for election as justice

of the peace in Georgia boasted of his knowledge of the common law of England, his opponent derisively responded: "My friend talks about the common law of England! Didn't our Revolutionary fathers shake off everything that was British? Of course they did. We want no English law here in Georgia, and if we must have any we want the very best law old England has, and none of her common law."

Now, for one, I have had enough of this rehashing of the forest literature of the old world. The results attained by some of the foreign foresters may contain valuable information or suggestions, but don't let them be naturalized by the wholesale, even if their republication enables men to draw salaries as forest experts who never plant a tree and who cannot tell the difference between an oak and a weeping willow.

Having had thirty years' practical experience in reforesting a New England hill with forest trees, I feel warranted in the assertion that it cannot be done properly; that is, a capitalist cannot take a hill and have it planted with trees in such a way as will make his outlay a profitable investment. I earnestly recommend every landholder, especially those owning hill pastures, to plant next spring one or more patches of the yellow locust. They require no cultivation, they grow quickly, and it is what the miner calls a bonanza when the farmer who wants to build a fence can have a locust patch where he can cut straight posts, which when set in the ground will last a lifetime. The posts on an acre of poor land, planted with locust seed, and cut at the end of twenty years, are worth at least \$300, besides the tops which make excellent stove wood. The locust is used by shipbuilders for tronals and for posts between decks. Careful experiments have demonstrated that the wood is heavier, harder, stronger, and tougher than oak.

I am aware that the locust tree is preyed upon by three different kinds of borers, whose unchecked ravages have in some sections threatened the extermination of this valuable tree. But if the seed is planted thick, so that the sunlight cannot reach the young trees, excepting those on the outside of the patch, the carpenter caterpillar (as they are called) will not trouble them. "Their darkness rather than light." This thick planting also makes the strongest plants force their way up above the weaker, and they thus make tall, straight trees.

But the locust has a great advantage over all other trees in its power to greatly improve the quantity and quality of the grass growing beneath its branches. This is said to be owing to the fertilizing properties of its leaves, which partially fold up in wet weather and at night, so that the rain falls directly upon the grass below. The leaflets of a locust tree also fold up at night, and an instance is mentioned of a child, which, having observed this peculiarity in the tree, said one evening, when asked to retire, that "it was not bed-time, for the locust tree had not begun its prayers."

Chestnut trees can be profitably planted in clumps and along the fences on hilltops, as after a few years the crop of nuts yields a return equivalent to a fair rate of interest, while the trees continue to grow. I may be permitted to say that I have chestnut trees, planted in 1848, which are now fifty feet in height, and give, two feet above the ground, over seven feet. Each tree produces from a bushel to a bushel and a half of chestnuts every year.

Rows of willows are also profitable in meadow lands as permanent fence posts, which can be pulled or topped once in five years, and thus furnish an abundance of good firewood for kitchen use during the summer. But we should look at forest trees in another light than their "profits" estimated on a cash basis. Their unobtrusive wealth should adorn every highway, should form a windbreak for every garden, should shelter every homestead, and should furnish a shade for the cattle in every pasture. This is no question of profit. Let us leave that to the speculators of the cities, and make our rural homesteads attractive. If country-born boys are not worked harder than the Southern slaves ever were, if they can be encouraged in planting shade trees, and in making gardens in which their sisters can raise flowers, they will become attached to their rural homesteads, instead of wanting to descend in the social scale and become lawyers, or merchants, or keepers of barrooms.

INSECT FOR NAME.

Prof. A. C. Cook.
DEAR SIR:—Just at evening the children said, "Mama, there is a swarm of bees in the oak tree." Going near, I was not surprised, as the "buzz" was equal to a swarm of bees. Every part of the tree was covered with medium-sized beetles, or rather they were flying about it. In less than half an hour they were all settled upon it and quiet. It was a thrifty tree of the second growth until last summer when many of the small twigs through the top died, and this spring it looks a little sickly. I inclose specimens. We read the *MICHIGAN FARMER* and if there is anything interesting about them we should see it there. MRS. J. M. WEST.

MICHIGAN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE,
Dep't of Zoology and Entomology,
LANSING, Mich., May 27, 1887.

The insects sent are *La-nhostera tridens* or a small edition of its near relative, the common May beetle, *La-nhostera fusca*. As suggested by Mrs. West, they have the same habit, as does the May beetle, of swarming in trees at night. I have often known the May beetles to swarm in numbers in our College oaks that the noise of their hum could be heard for rods. They do the trees no harm except to feed on the foliage, and this is rarely serious. As grubs, like all the beetles of this genus, *La-nhostera*, of which we have several species in Michigan, they remain in the ground and feed on the roots of grass and other vegetables, thus doing considerable mischief. A. C. COOK.

The Freesia.

Of this beautiful blossom, which is now being recognized by American florists because of its beauty, and can be found in our Detroit greenhouses, the *Horticultural Times*, of England, has this to say:

At one time when the above first began to attract attention, it met with a certain amount of prejudice at the hands of a few florists, but for some years past this prejudice has been completely overcome, and

it has gradually increased in favor until at the present time, especially in Guernsey, it is not only successfully but largely grown. Its beauty, fragrance and ease of culture entitle it to rank in the list of conservatory favorites. At the present time and from December they may be forced into bloom freely, and when successive batches are required they may be secured so as to last late into the spring. With regard to soil, loam, decayed manure, leaf mould, and sand well mixed are essential to obtain fine blossoms, and either, we may remark, when passing, are very welcome on account of the time they can be kept fresh and sweet when cut and put in water. The flowers of *F. r. alba* are often of the purest white, and even without the orange tinted spot usually observable in the type, and, as a rule, when the bulbs are strong, they will throw up a stem loaded with bloom from 12 to 18 inches in height. They are a splendid hardy plant, very elegant in habit of growth, and either forced, in the cool pit or greenhouse, some very choice specimens may easily be secured. Generally they can be raised readily from seed sown in a cool frame so placed as to receive the full benefit of the sun; when they should be thinned out where planted in five-inch pots to about six or eight plants in each. August is a very good time to sow the seed, and when thinning out the pots care should be taken to leave the strongest plants as a matter of course. For securing flowering plants and bloom from Christmas on through the spring months till about May, the bulbs should be potted from end of August to September, at intervals, and placed in a warm greenhouse, and as the plants come up more heat should be applied, water when the plants begin to grow but not before; this, coupled with plenty of air and light in warm weather tends to promote dwarf, sturdy growth. With regard to prices realized for the cut bloom at the present time, through last week it was in fair demand from 4s. to 9s. per dozen bunches, each bunch consisting of a dozen sprays. It has up to the present been rather scarce upon the markets, and consequently has met a steady demand, which for good bloom is likely to continue, especially when we remember they may be utilized to produce very pretty effects, in bouquet decoration especially. Some very fine results may be obtained by a simple process by which anyone may have a welcome supply of strong and fragrant plants, either for the house or cool conservatory, by potting the bulbs from August to November in any rich garden soil improved by a good sprinkling of sand throughout, and potting from five to six bulbs in an ordinary six-inch pot. They require, however, a free amount of water at the start, and then sparingly until the plants begin to grow, when they should be placed in a sunny position inside with a moderate temperature. The treatment is extremely simple and the result pleasing. After flowering, and when the bulbs are quite ripe, they simply require storing in a dry place. We therefore commend the culture of the Freesia with confidence, whether it be for the purpose of profit or private use.

Blackberry Blight.
A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* says:

Blackberry fields invaded by this trouble continue to be affected each succeeding year. No matter whether the winter be mild or severe, the canes will be found dead in the spring. I have seen no exceptions to this rule. One of my neighbors had a costly experience in learning its generality. In a large and very productive field of the Wilson blackberry he discovered many blighted canes. He thought it "winter-kill," pruned them away, and took pains in cultivating. The next year there was a total loss of the crop. Still hating to be at the cost of extirpating the plants, and hoping for better luck in future, he let it stand. He was deluded yearly by the new growth from the root, even more vigorous than usual on account of there being no crop. This new growth looked well as could be wished as late as February, when he usually pruned his blackberries. But by the next April he invariably found the canes dead. He thus lost his labor and the use of his land for four years. Then he lost patience and grubbed out the patch.

I have a four-year-old field of Wilsons in which dead canes first appeared in 1885. I resolved to try an experiment to see if I could prevent this damage by fertilization. In 1886 I gave the plants a full dressing of all the elements of plant food. Growth was enormous; many of the laterals were fifteen feet in length. In March, 1887, the canes looked green and promising for a heavy crop. A month afterwards they were all dead to the ground, and I have just finished grubbing out the roots. I think the contagion is spread in summer from the old cane to the new; that it grows in the tissues, and does not manifest the effects of its growth till the following spring, when the drying winds wither the canes which are already killed, but which hold green in appearance through the winter.

Connected with this destructive blight I might mention various phenomena indicative of its being a germ disease, something similar to the *Phoma Lethalis*, which kills the fruiting cane of the red raspberry. Observers can note these symptoms for themselves. I merely propose to hint to them that it will be well to look for some other cause of the effects witnessed than "winter-kill." And they had best not waste time in waiting for this blight to disappear when it has once invaded the blackberry patch. The growth will surely die every year, and the plants may as well be discarded. Probably we may be compelled to abandon culture of the Wilson. It will not pay to plant a blackberry field with the chances of getting but one crop from it, and this is about all we may expect from the Wilson.

Other varieties are not thus affected. Ever since I have grown the Wilson I have also grown the Kittanning and "Missouri Mammoth." Both remain healthy. The latter is preferable. It is a rank grower and profuse bearer; the berry not so large as the Wilson nor so firm, but better flavored; too soft to ship, except in pints. However I shall henceforth grow the Missouri until I find something better.

THIRTY-FIVE of the principal fruit-growers of Berrien County have signed an agreement to use full quart boxes for all fruits except raspberries, and to pack in twenty-four quart cases.

A Wisconsin Cranberry Farm.

The *American Magazine* thus describes the cranberry farm of G. B. Sackett, of Berlin, Wis: The farm is situated four miles north of that village, and comprises 1,600 acres, nearly all of which is a veritable bog, and is covered with a natural and luxuriant growth of cranberry vines. A canal has been cut from the Fox River to the southern limit of the marsh, a distance of 4,400 feet. It is forty-five feet wide, and the water stands in it to a depth of nine feet, sufficient to float fair-sized steamboats. At the intersection of the canal with the marsh

Experimental Fruit Culture.

The premises of every husbandman, to a certain extent, should be an experimental fruit farm. Fruit is not only a food and an alternative, but a luxury. There is nothing to prevent having this commodity in abundance and in great variety, and that, too, without a great deal of outlay in time or money expenditure.

There seems to be a natural inclination to allow things to remain as they are. If a farm is bought the old orchard, good or bad, is accepted as it is, and so remains. On the new farm an orthodox number of trees are put out and there the work ends, so far as planting or changing of qualities are concerned. On thousands of good farms there have been no changes of importance in twenty years of time, not because there has been no need of it, but on account of the natural tendency to sit down and let the matter of fruit on the farm take care of itself.

We do not wish to be understood as saying that such an apathy exists on all the farms of the country, for there are multitudes of them where the luxuries of the best of fruits are enjoyed all the year round. Any man or boy, who has genius to whistle out a husking-pin, can learn in thirty minutes' time to set a sizer, so there is no necessity of any farmer allowing trees to number the ground which produce only "elder apples," or food for swine. The seasons can be obtained free of cost from neighboring orchards that contain the best varieties.

When a satisfactory list of fruits has been obtained, experiments should be carried on in manner of pruning, surface culture, effect of different fertilizers. That from the cow-stable may be used around a certain number of trees, that from the horse-stable around certain others, pig manure, ashes, bone-dust, loam, about others, and then two or more kinds mixed. Not only will you become interested in the work, but you will obtain some important information.

Now, it may be said that all these things have been done, and the result given to the public through the papers—a fact that we admit, and yet the experiments of one will not answer for another, as latitude, climate and soil vary, and what will prove the best mode of cultivating in one section, may be detrimental in another.

Let a man on a heavy clay soil attempt to raise pears after the successful plan of Mr. Leighton upon the gravelly sea shore, and he would make a sad mistake. One variety of fruit will reach perfection in Virginia or Kentucky, while the same would amount to but little if anything in Michigan and Minnesota. So one soil needs phosphates, another potash, and still another has all the natural properties but needs underdraining. Hence we say experiment.—*Farmers' Journal*.

The Raspberry.

Samuel Miller says, in the *Rural World*: When the plants are needed now is the time to take up the young suckers. Do so carefully, and set them in beds three or four inches apart where they will make nice plants to handle by fall, and the ground can be kept cultivated. If the plants are not wanted, the surplus can be treated as weeds. No suckering variety will show its true character unless confined to a stool of from three to five canes, headed back properly, and all the suckers kept off. The black-caps will soon need pinching. Some growers say, "pinch when two feet high." This seems to me to be too low, but it is well enough to try. They can be checked another time if necessary. One thing is certain, that if not pinched at the proper height the young canes are liable to be broken off at the ground by high winds, which is about the ruin of that plant. There is a diversity of opinion as to how many canes should be allowed to grow and bear. Some say five, some four, others none six. I would say three, and those who will try it will most likely find that there will be as much fruit on them as on five, with less of a bramble to pick in.

Growing Tomatoes on Supports.

As now is the time for planting the tomato in the north, any one who has a naked fence or large enough space to erect a temporary trellis, can, if he so elects, grow a few tomatoes, when possibly he may have no room for any other plant in the vegetable line. Where land is plenty there is no need of any fussing in this way. If plenty of room is allowed them to lay over on the ground, and the soil is not too rich, and weeds are not allowed to smother the plants, the fruit will ripen in its season. But little land is needed to grow a plentiful supply of this fruit-vegetable for home use. One thing only must be remembered, and that is the spot must not be shaded. Full exposure is what is wanted. Plant next a trellis or fence, say four feet apart, and as the growth proceeds, tie or tack up to the support, as the case may be. When showing flowers freely, pinch out the top a leaf beyond the fruit. This concentrates strength in the bunch. Sometimes the shoots are apt to get a trifle too thick, and while not advisable to completely expose the fruit, a judicious thinning of the foliage is desirable. About the only pest to the tomato in its young state is the cut-worm. As a dozen or two of plants are all that is needed for family use, they are easily protected by the paper method. This consists of taking strips of paper—ordinary manilla is best, though anything will do—and winding them around the stem, burying an inch in the soil to steady the coil and having a couple of inches of the top protruding. The protection is perfect, and Mr. Cut-worm will have to go without his breakfast. About the only other pest follows later in the summer in the form of an ugly looking caterpillar. This may be easily gotten rid of by a little watching.—*Prairie Farmer*.

Winchester Cranberry Farm.

The *American Magazine* thus describes the cranberry farm of G. B. Sackett, of Berlin, Wis: The farm is situated four miles north of that village, and comprises 1,600 acres, nearly all of which is a veritable bog, and is covered with a natural and luxuriant growth of cranberry vines. A canal has been cut from the Fox River to the southern limit of the marsh, a distance of 4,400 feet. It is forty-five feet wide, and the water stands in it to a depth of nine feet, sufficient to float fair-sized steamboats. At the intersection of the canal with the marsh

steam water works have been erected, with flood-gates and dams by means of which the entire marsh may be flooded to a depth of a foot or more when desired. There are two engines of 150-horse power each, and two pumps that are capable of raising 80,000 gallons per minute. When, in early autumn, the meteorological conditions indicate the approach of frost, the pumps may be put to work in the afternoon and the berries be effectively covered by water and thus protected before nightfall. At sunrise the gates are opened and the water allowed to run off again, so that the pickers may proceed with their work. The marsh is flooded to a depth of about two feet at the beginning of each winter and allowed to remain so until spring, the heavy body of ice that forms preventing the upheaval that would result from freezing and thawing, a natural process which, if permitted, works injury to the vines.

There is a three-story warehouse on the marsh, with a capacity of 20,000 barrels of berries, and four large two-story houses capable of furnishing shelter for 1,500 pickers. The superintendent's residence is a comfortable cottage house, surrounded by giant oaks and elms, and stands near the warehouse on an "island," or small tract of high, dry land near the center of the great marsh. The pickers' quarters stand on another island about 300 yards away.

A plank roadway, built on piles, about two feet above the level of the ground, leads from the mainland to the warehouse and other buildings, a distance of more than half a mile. Several wooden railways diverge from the warehouse to all parts of the marsh, and on them flat cars, propelled by hand, are sent out at intervals during the picking season to bring in the berries from the hands of the pickers. Each picker is provided with a crate holding just a bushel, which is kept close at hand. The berries are first picked into tin pans and pails, and from these emptied into the crates, in which they are carried to the warehouse, where an empty crate is given the picker in exchange for a full one. Thus equipped and improved, the Sackett marsh is valued at \$150,000. Thirteen thousand barrels have been harvested from this great farm in a single season. The selling price in the Chicago market varies, in different seasons, from \$8 to \$16 per barrel. There are several other marshes of various sizes in the vicinity.

Horticultural Notes.

CANADA has a law relative to the black knot in plum trees, which requires every person on whose trees the disease appears, to cut it out or otherwise destroy it, the penalty being not less than \$5 for each offense.

T. H. HOSKINS, of Vermont, speaks very highly of the Shawansee Beauty, a seedling of the Fameuse, which originated in Michigan. He says it is fully equal to the Fameuse, but has not the tendency of the latter to spot or scab.

CRANBERRIES sent to the Southern markets are put up in water-tight packages, and the cases are then filled with water, this being the only means by which they can be kept in hot weather. Even in this condition they are not kept a few days after reaching hot climates.

NEW YORK commission men utterly refuse to return fruit packages to the growers of Delaware, New Jersey and Maryland. And the peach-growers as stubbornly refuse to furnish free packages, their profits being already too small. So they will endeavor to do without middlemen.

A NEW JERSEY melon grower, whose land is not adapted to that crop makes holes two feet across and eighteen inches deep, which are filled with sand, loam, and a spadeful of chicken compost, by mixing one part of manure to two parts of sawdust or dry loam. Very fine muskmelons are raised in this way.

An English experimenter finds that contrary to general opinion, a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from moisture; the ivy extracts every possible particle of moisture from wood, brick or stone for its own sustenance, by means of the tiny roots, which work their way into even the hardest stone.

MR. J. N. STEARNS, of Kalamazoo, keeps the curculio from his fruit trees by dusting them with lime slaked with water containing carbolic acid. He uses a peck of lime to a quart of crude acid. This preparation does not kill the beetles, but the strong odor drives them away, and the odor is quite permanent, as it may be detected a year after slaking. This remedy is declared to be cheap and effective.

MR. HOLDER, of Adrian, said at a late meeting of the local horticultural society, that he and two boys had thinned the fruit on 500 apple trees in three days' time, and the apples were greatly improved by the process. He sprayed his trees with London purple, to prevent the ravages of the codling moth. He preferred the London purple to Paris green, because it mixed in the water more readily.

FRUIT and other trees are whitewashed to advantage, provided the wash is not put on heavily enough to close up the pores of the bark too much. Many farmers who do not like the appearance of whitewash on the trunks of trees each spring paint the bodies of them with a wash of potash or lime, killing many insects. A properly applied wash is serviceable to the trees.

WISCONSIN produces nearly one-half of all the cranberries grown in the United States. There are thousands of acres of marsh lands on which the fruit grows wild. The Wisconsin Valley railroad runs through forty miles of continuous cranberry marsh, as level as a floor, and which is divided into large cranberry farms. The Indians came here every fall to gather the berries, but tradition has neglected to tell us what they used to sweeten their berries with. The natural sugar in the sold crop, in Wisconsin the natural stand of vines has hitherto been so good that Eastern methods of cultivation have not been resorted to.

Modern Plowman.

MR. E. K. SMITH commends through the *Western Plowman*, a system of "cheap irrigation for the family garden," which he has tested for years with increasing satisfaction: "Take emptied fruit cans, place the open end on a hot stove a short time to remove the water and plant your seeds around them. Need be. Cucumbers and the like will take a quart can full, even of liquid manure, every day it does not rain. No baking of surface, no weed-seed, and speed in watering, are some of the advantages."

Apiarian.

Avoiding Stings.

W. Z. Hutchinson, in the *Rural New Yorker*, says: "Much may be done to avoid stings by wearing appropriate clothing properly arranged. It should be smooth, and of some neutral tint, as gray or brown. Bees seem to have a particular aversion to black clothing. The trousers should be tucked inside the boot tops, or if shoes are worn, the pants may be tucked inside the stocking tops. The wrist-band should be close-fitting. In fact, the whole clothing should be so made and arranged as to leave as few openings as possible. If the hairs upon the wrist and back of the hand are long and abundant, many stings will be avoided by shaving or singeing them off. If left on, any bee that alights will catch its feet in the hairs, and, when struggling to escape, will sting. Beginners sometimes wear gloves, but usually they are soon discarded as being too bungling and preventing but few stings, for the fact is that most stings are directed at the eyes, and the only protection that bee-keepers usually seek, as far from the ordinary clothing, is a veil or face-protector. Even this is not needed except when the bees are 'cross' because there is no honey to gather. Mosquito netting or tulle net will answer for making a bee-veil. It should be sewed to the edge of a straw hat, and be long enough to be tucked inside the collar. If a piece several inches square be cut out in front of the eyes and be replaced with silk Brussels net, the obstruction to the vision will be very slight.

"Improbable as it may appear, confidence has much to do with avoiding stings. Let a timid person go into an apiary expecting to be stung, and it really seems as though the bees know it and do their best to realize his expectations. An experienced bee-keeper will walk confidently into the apiary, go unconcerned about his business, and if a bee comes buzzing threateningly about he pays no attention to it and the bee, finding that the man does not 'sear,' finally goes about its business."

The *American Bee Journal* says: Some time ago we noted the fact that in New England a strong belief that bees had injured the fruit, that an ordinance was passed obliging the bee-keepers to remove their bees to another locality. After a year or two the fruit-growers decided to have the bees brought back, as so little fruit set upon the trees in proportion to the blossoms which appeared.

JAMES HEDDON, of Duvaline, once secured 29 pounds and 13 ounces of unripe extracted honey as the result of a single day's gathering of a single colony.

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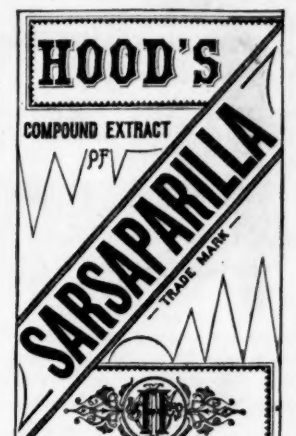
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MICHIGAN FARMER.

DETROIT, MONDAY, JUNE 6, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-
office as second class matter.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the
past week amounted to 98,601 bu., against
104,303 bu., the previous week and 59,070
bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-
ments for the week were 121,918 bu., against
49,181 bu., the previous week and 172,301 bu.,
the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks
of wheat now held in this city amount to
187,491 bu., against 239,745 bu., last week
and 1,080,054 bu., at the corresponding date
in 1886. The visible supply of this grain on
May 28 was 43,212,920 bu., against 43,018,834
the previous week, and 37,813,796 bu. at
corresponding date in 1886. This shows a
decrease from the amount reported the
previous week of 198,685 bu. The export
clearances for Europe for the week ending
May 28 were 2,212,971 bu., against 2,824,512
the previous week, and for the last eight
weeks they were 13,819,170 bu., against 9-
138,134 for the corresponding eight weeks
in 1886.

It appears from the course of the market
the past week that wheat has reached its
limits on price, and that is not at all likely
to go higher unless it is forced up for a
time by speculative purchases. The outlook
for the next crop has improved during May,
and while the foreign demand keeps up well
and is taking unusually large amounts of
both wheat and flour, the enormous visible
supply and the improved crop prospects are
causing many holders to weaken. The week
closes in this market with spot higher than
the previous Saturday, and while futures
closed with some appearance of weakness
they are generally in advance of quotations
given last week. Chicago is higher on
spot and June futures than a week ago.
The telegraph reports of Saturday's mar-
ket says:

"The wheat market opened a little less
firm than at the close yesterday. There
was no special reason for this other than
the local temper, for neither cables nor any
announcements received during the early hours
of the day changed the general situation
in a particle. June wheat, however,
received a good deal of attention during the
morning. It was bid stoutly for at the
opening at 90 1/2c. One feature of the pit
was there was scarcely any selling of the
June option by anybody except houses
identified with the clique. It became evi-
dent, early in the season, that the old
clique was advancing very quietly its sell-
ing price for the June option. June ad-
vanced gradually during the day from 89 1/2c.
opening figures of 90 1/2c to 92c at the close.
The avidity with which the offerings at
each limit were taken, was a surprise to
those who have held out the theory that
wheat short now, was against the actual
grain in the country. The California
bulge helped June a little. Shorts bought
with more or less freedom, realizing that
the clique controls wheat absolutely."

New York was firm and slightly higher,
while Liverpool was steady with a fair de-
mand.

The following table exhibits the daily closing
prices of spot wheat from May 2d to
May 28th inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4
May 11	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 12	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 13	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 14	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 15	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 16	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 17	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 18	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 19	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 20	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 21	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 22	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 23	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 24	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 25	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 26	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 27	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 28	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 29	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 30	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 31	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 1	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 2	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 3	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2
" 4	87 1/2	86 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the
various days each day of the past week were
as follows:

	June	July	Aug.	Sept.
Monday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Tuesday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Thursday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Friday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Saturday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices
each day of the past week on the various
days of No. 1 white:

	June	July	Aug.	Sept.
Monday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Tuesday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Wednesday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Thursday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Friday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2
Saturday	89 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2

Shipments of wheat from India for the
week ending May 28, 1887, as per special
cable to the New York Produce Exchange,
aggregated 1,360,000 bu., of which 680,000
bu. were for the United Kingdom and 680-
000 bu. to the Continent. The shipments for
the previous week, as cable, amounted to
1,000,000 bush., of which 520,000 went
to the United Kingdom and 480,000 bush.
to the Continent. The total shipments from
April 1, 1887, beginning of the crop year,
have been 6,650,000 bu., including 3,500,000
bushels to the United Kingdom, 4,150,000 to
the Continent. The wheat on passage from
India May 10 was estimated at 3,440,000 bu.
One year ago the quantity was 3,344,000 bu.
The following statement gives the amount

of wheat "in sight" at the dates named, in
the United States, Canada, and on passage
to Great Britain and the Continent of Eu-
rope:

	Bushels.
Visible supply	43,018,837
On passage for United Kingdom	14,000,000
On passage for Continent of Europe	4,831,000
Total bushels May 21, 1887	61,849,837
Total previous week	63,994,103
Total two weeks ago	65,510,974
Total May 21, 1886	59,909,771

The estimated receipts of foreign and
home-grown wheat in the English markets
during the week ending May 28 were
307,000 bu. less than the estimated
consumption; and for the eight weeks end-
ing May 14 the receipts are estimated to
have been 1,691,561 bu. less than the con-
sumption.

The Liverpool market on Saturday was
firm with good demand. Quotations on
American wheat were 8s. 2d. @ 8s. 4d. per
cental for No. 1 California; 7s. 5d. @ 7s. 7d.
for No. 2 winter, and 7s. 3d. @ 7s. 4d. for
No. 2 spring.

CORN AND OATS.

CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the
past week were 6,169 bu., against 15,185
bu., the previous week, and 36,984 bu. for
the corresponding week in 1886. Shipments
for the week were 10,914 bu., against 522 bu.,
the previous week, and 17,122 bu. for the
corresponding week in 1886. The visible
supply of corn in the country on May 28
amounted to 13,073,611 bu., against 12,143,537
bu., the previous week, and 7,914,951 bu. at
the same date last year. The visible supply
shows an increase during the week indicated
of 559,074 bu. The exports for Europe of the
past week were 654,572 against 432,439
bu., the previous week, and for the past eight
weeks 5,362,017 bu., against 11,046,885 bu.,
the corresponding period in 1886. The stocks
now held in this city amount to 23-
562 bu., against 15,861 bu., last week and 33-
656 bu. at the corresponding date in 1886.
The week closes with a firmer feeling in
corn than for some days previous, but
prices still a shade lower than the previous
week. No. 2 is quoted here at 40c per bu.,
and No. 3 at 39c. Nothing doing in a
speculative way so far as this market is
concerned. At Chicago the week closed
with the market firmer and prices a
shade higher than a week ago. No. 2 spot
is quoted there at 38 1/2c, June delivery at
38 1/2c, July at 39c, August at 40c, and
September at 41 1/2c per bu. By sample No. 2
white sold at 38 1/2c @ 38 3/4c per bu., No. 2
yellow at 39 @ 39 1/2c, No. 3 yellow at 38c,
No. 2 at 37 1/2 @ 38 1/2c, and No. 3 at 37 1/2c
per bu. The Tribune says of this market:

"Corn was fairly active and steadily firm,
with better buying of futures, which was
partly done by wheat men who came in be-
cause of the strength in the market for the
leading cereals. Probably the incentive to
more confidence lay in the expectation of
light receipts for the near future."

The Liverpool market is quiet, but firm,
with prices a shade higher on both spot and
futures. Spot mixed, 4s. 1 1/4d per cental;
June delivery, 4s. 1 1/4d; July delivery, 4s.
1d.; August, 4s. 1 1/2d.

OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on May 28
was 3,750,368 bu., against 3,727,909 bu., the
previous week, and 1,919,850 bu. May 29,
1886. The exports for Europe the past
week were 17,806, against 54,584 the
previous week, and for the previous eight
weeks were 102,414 bu., against 289,347
bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1886.
The visible supply shows an increase of 23-
359 bu. during the week. Stocks held in
store here amount to 25,758 bu., against
28,779 bu., the previous week, and 29,812
bu. at the corresponding date in 1886. The
receipts at this point for the week were 18-
469 bu., against 14,587 bu., the previous
week, and 107,508 bu. for the corresponding
week last year. The shipments for the week
were 1,006 bu. and 5,599 bu. the pre-
vious week, and 81,564 bu. for same week in
1886. Oats have improved during the week,
and closed firm at an advance. White are
the strongest, and at present a good de-
mand exists for them. Spot No. 2 white
are selling at 33c per bu. on track, and No. 2
mixed at 30 @ 30 1/2c. No light mixed are
reported, and but few are held in stock.
The Chicago market closed dull at about the
same range on both spot and futures as a
week ago. There is very little speculative
dealing in oats, and the fluctuations in
values are light. Quotations there at the
close of the week were as follows: No. 2
spot, 25 1/2 @ 25 3/4c; June delivery, 25 1/2c;
July, 26 1/2c; August, 26 1/2c. By sample No. 2
mixed sold at 25 1/2 @ 25 3/4c, No. 3 at 24 1/2c,
@ 25c. The New York market is quiet and
steady, with values showing little change
on spot and near futures, while late futures
are lower. Quotations there are 35c for
No. 2 white, 38 1/2c for No. 3, do, and 33
@ 33 1/2c for No. 3 mixed. In futures there
is a fair amount of activity, with No. 2
mixed at 32 1/2c for June, 32 1/2c for July and
3 1/2c for August.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

BUTTER.

The market has been crowded with butter
the past week, a considerable quantity be-
ing grass stock of better flavor than usual,
and even this suffered a decided loss in
value. The best sold at 13 @ 14c per lb.,
while packages off in color or showing lack
of flavor were difficult to dispose of at any
price. Creamery has also declined, and is
quiet at 16 @ 17c. It looks from the large
receipts of the latter, that the creamery
business is being overdone, and new ones
should be started only after careful consid-
eration on the part of the promoters. It is
not best to take as gospel all the assertions
of those who are working up trade in
creamery supplies. A word to the wise is
sufficient. Oleomargarine is selling here at
13 @ 14c in a small way, but the
decline in butter will probably send it
"where the woodbine twines." At Chicago
the past week receipts have been rather
light, and the market closed higher and
firm for fancy selections of creamery
and steady for fine grades. The supply was
fair and there was good inquiry for local
consumption. All other grades were slow
and easy except packing stock, which was
firm and wanted. Factory set milk creamery,
4 1/2c per pound; fine Iowa, Wisconsin, and
Illinois do, 14 @ 15c, with an occasional sale
of an extra fine grade at 15 1/2c per good
choice do, 13 @ 13 1/2c; fancy dairies, 13 1/2c

WHEAT.

At Boston the wool market has been
fairly active the past week, sales footing up
1,644,000 lbs. of domestic and 516,000 lbs.
of foreign, as compared with 2,364,000 lbs.
of domestic and 346,200 lbs. of foreign the
previous week, and 1,406,500 lbs. of domes-
tic and 1,030,000 lbs. of foreign during the
corresponding week in 1886. The aggregate
receipts of wool in Boston since Jan. 1,
1887, have been 113,519 bales domestic, 46-
184 bales foreign, against 93,274 bales domes-
tic and 48,143 bales foreign for the corre-
sponding period of 1886. This is an in-
crease of 17,245 bales domestic and a de-
crease of 961 bales foreign. Sales of wool
in that market the past week were on the
basis of 33 @ 34c for XX Ohio, 33c for X
Ohio, 37 @ 38c for No. 1 Ohio, 30 1/2 @ 32c
for X Michigan, 35 @ 37c for No. 1 Michigan,
35 1/2 @ 37c for fine delaine, New York X at
29 @ 30c, New York medium fleece at 37c,
unwashed and unmerchantable at 24 @ 26c.
The Commercial Bulletin, in its review of
the market, says:

"The transactions for the week have
again been irregular. Some of the largest
houses in the trade have done little or
nothing, and others have exceeded their
average amount. The call has again been
largely for medium wools of all descriptions,
and there has been less disposition to hag-
gle over prices. The number of buyers in the
market has not been large, many manu-
facturers having waited to observe the re-
sults of the two great fairs in New York.
Manufacturers are on the whole
satisfied with the comparatively favorable
result likely to bring them into the mar-
ket. The firm feeling is considerably
enhanced by the lack of supplies of foreign
wool. Last year there were very heavy
stocks of Australian and Montevideo wool
in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania,
which are now being sold at a heavy loss.
To-day there is but a light supply of Aus-
tralian wool and little or no Montevideo.
The auction sales on Tuesday in London are
likely to have an important effect upon this
market, as a decline in price, with the high
price ruling in the country to-day, would
again induce free purchasing of Australian.
Interior markets continue very firm
though no further advances are noted ex-
cept in Michigan, Ohio and Pennsylvania,
where wool is beginning to come upon the
market. In Texas, Kentucky and California,
the market continues strong at previous
quotations."

CHEESE.

So far as we can see the market in this
city is practically unchanged, although we
looked for a drop in values as soon as all
the factories got fairly started. This comes
not only from an increase of receipts, but
partly from a lack of quality in the early
makes. This season cheese-makers appear
to have escaped easily, and the free offerings
of the new crop are being taken at about
the same range of values as a week ago. The
range of prices is as follows: New York
full cream, 10 1/2 @ 11c; Michigan, 9 1/2 @ 10c;
Ohio, 8 @ 9c. At Chicago the week closed
with full cream cheese weak at 8c per lb.
for cheddars, flats, (two in a box), and Young
Americans, owing to the heavy receipts. The
demand was fair and mostly in small way.
Skimmed cheese was unsaleable. The re-
ceipts in that market for the week ending
May 31 were 32,097 packages, as compared
with 45,296 packages for the same week last
year. Since May 1, the beginning of the
trade year, the receipts have been 95,164
packages, against 101,704 packages for the
same period last year. At New York values
have declined slightly during the week, but
not to the extent anticipated. The N. Y.
Daily Bulletin says of the prospects:

"It is almost dangerous to check a de-
clining tendency in the face of decreasing
receipts, especially at the high plane of valua-
tion now ruling; and with Canada ready to
"cut" under at all opportunities, the
more careful sellers have been willing to
take current bids and let stock go. Fur-
thermore, beyond speculative necessities
wants on the other side increase slowly,
the make all over the State and across the
border is growing so down in price, but is
likely to make a more perpendicular drop after
having been temporarily retarded through
sheer pressure of accumulated unfavorable
influences. The larger arrivals will nearly
all disappear, as the home demand is doing
some help, but the latter does not extend
greatly beyond ordinary boundaries and is
cautious. Canada at the close continues to
keep rather under the market and will send
out a pretty fair quantity of stock this week."

QUOTATIONS IN THAT MARKET SATURDAY WERE AS FOLLOWS:

of those who are working up trade in creamery supplies. A word to the wise is sufficient. Oleomargarine is selling here at 13@14c in a small way, but the decline in butter will probably send it "where the woodbine twineth." At Chicago the past week receipts have been 10,000,000 lbs. and the market closed higher.

THE RECEIPTS OF CHEESE IN THE NEW YORK

market the past week were 35,925 boxes
against 28,644 boxes the previous week,
and 44,896 boxes the corresponding week
in 1886. The exports from all American
ports for the week ending May 28 foot up
1,944,658 lbs., against 1,392,103 lbs. two
weeks ago, and 1,018,357 lbs. two weeks
ago. The exports for the corresponding
week last year were 2,345,732 lbs.

THE LIVERPOOL MARKET IS QUOTED STEADY,

with new American cheese at 55s. per cwt.,
the same price as quoted a week ago.

WOOL.

The activity in wool is increasing in this
State, and the tone of the markets seems to
improve. Buyers at first were reluctant
purchasers at current rates, their principals
at the east limiting prices below what any
wool of even fair character could be pur-
chased for. But one after another they are
coming into line, and the basis of valuation
set by the FARMER some weeks ago is being
reached in many instances. In the list of
sales in another column, many of which
were collected from our State exchanges,
descriptions of the different lots are omitted,
leaving the matter to be guessed at. As a
matter of fact Michigan is now producing a
large amount of medium and cross-bred
wools, the result of the introduction of the
Down breeds into the State, and these of
course sell at a higher price per lb. than the
heavier Merino fleeces, especially as the fash-
ions in woolsens call for a large admixture
of those grades at present. Where prices, there-
fore, are quoted above 30c per lb. it is safe to
assume that the wool purchased was not straight
Merino fleece. For unwashed wool the highest
price we have yet heard of was 20 1/2c, while we
know of a number of sales where 19c was paid
for clips without dockage for buck's fleeces.
These prices are relatively about two cents
per lb. higher than Boston and New York
prices; but there are indications that those
markets will advance to a parity with those
ruling in the wool-growing States before
many days. So far as we can see the out-
look is favorable for an active market, with
buyers paying 20 @ 21c per pound more than
they calculated upon a month ago.

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fairly active the past week, sales footing up
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of foreign, as compared with 2,364,000 lbs.
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"It is almost dangerous to check a de-
clining tendency in the face of decreasing
receipts, especially at the high plane of valua-
tion now ruling; and with Canada ready to
"cut" under at all opportunities, the
more careful sellers have been willing to
take current bids and let stock go. Fur-
thermore, beyond speculative necessities
wants on the other side increase slowly,
the make all over the State and across the
border is growing so down in price, but is
likely to make a more perpendicular drop after
having been temporarily retarded through
sheer pressure of accumulated unfavorable
influences. The larger arrivals will nearly
all disappear, as the home demand is doing
some help, but the latter does not extend
greatly beyond ordinary boundaries and is
cautious. Canada at the close continues to
keep rather under the market and will send
out a pretty fair quantity of stock this week."

QUOTATIONS IN THAT MARKET SATURDAY WERE AS FOLLOWS:

makers. This season cheese-makers appear to have escaped easily, and the free offerings of the new crop are being taken at about the same range of values as a week ago. The range of prices is as follows: New York full creams, 10½@11c; Michigan, 9½@10½; Ohio, 8@9½c. At Chicago the week closed

THE RECEIPTS OF CHEESE IN THE NEW YORK

market the past week were 35,925 boxes
against 28,644 boxes the previous week,
and 44,896 boxes the corresponding week
in 1886. The exports from all American
ports for the week ending May 28 foot up
1,944,658 lbs., against 1,392,103 lbs. two
weeks ago, and 1,018,357 lbs. two weeks
ago. The exports for the corresponding
week

Poetry.

THE WEE THING.

Oh! Balmies hae we mony
That rin about the house;
An' ane is fair and gentle,
Safe-steppit as a mouse—
An' ane is bauld and bounie,
Wi' blue een glintlin' braw;
But the souny, stumblin' wee thing
Is dearest o' them a'!

'Tis weel I loe my Jessie,
Fair bod an' dooce and sweet,
Wi' smile that makes me gladsome,
An' voice that gars me greet!
An' weel I loe blith Donald,
An' Jack so gay and sma'—
But the hirlin', toddlin' wee thing,
Is dearest o' them a'!

There's Sandy, straight an' winsome,
Sae strappin' for his age,
Fu' taller than the guidman,
An' a' strain manly wage—
Eh! but the tears do bleer my een
When on his face they fa'—
But still that feckless wee thing,
Is dearest o' them a'!

I daurna think it ower,
For fear it wad be sin;
I daurna let the lips spak oot,
The thoct that bides within.
I pray the Lord bairnicht and morn,
That guidie may each bairn;
But the prae'r that names my wee thing,
Is the prae'r that leads them a'!

—Mary Elizabeth Blake.

JUNE.

And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And o'er it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life's murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it reaches and towers,
And grasping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers.

Now is the high tide of the year,
And whatever of life hath ebbed away,
Comes floating back with a rippling cheer
Into every inlet and creek and bay;
Now the heart is so full that a drop overfills it;
We are happy now because God so wills it:
No matter how barren the past may have been,
"Enough for us now that the leaves are green
We sit in the warm shade and feel right well;
How the sap creeps up and the blossoms swell!
We may shut our eyes but we cannot help know-
ing
That skies are blue and grass is growing."
—Lowell.

Miscellaneous.

Death on the Battlefield.

Frank Wilkeson, in his "Recollections of a Private," says:
During the first day's fighting in the Wilderness, I saw a youth of about twenty years ago skip and yell, stung by a bullet through the thigh. He turned to limp to the rear. After he had gone a few steps he stopped, then he kicked out his leg once or twice to see if it would work. Then he tore the clothing away from his leg so as to see the wound. He looked at it attentively for an instant, then kicked out his leg again, then turned and took his place in the ranks, and resumed firing. There was considerable disorder in the line, and the soldiers moved to and fro, now a few feet to the left, now a few feet to the right. One of the movements brought me directly behind this wounded soldier. I could see plainly from that position, and he passed into the gap in the line and began firing. In a minute or two the wounded soldier dropped his rifle, and clasping his left arm, exclaimed:
"I am hit again!"

He sat down behind the battle ranks and tore off the sleeve of his shirt. The wound was very slight, not much more than skin deep. He tied his handkerchief around it, picked up his rifle, and took position alongside of me. I said:

"You are fighting in bad luck to-day. You had better get away from here."

He turned his head to answer me. His head jerked, he staggered, then fell, then regained his feet. A tiny fountain of blood and teeth and bone and bits of tongue burst out of his mouth. He had been shot through the jaws; the lower one was broken and hung down. I looked directly into his open mouth, which was ragged and bloody and tongueless. He cast his rifle furiously on the ground and staggered off.

The next day, just before Longstreet's soldiers made their first charge on the 2d Corps, I heard the peculiar cry of a stricken man uttering a bullet through his flesh. I turned my head as I loaded my rifle, to see who was hit. I saw a bearded Irishman pull up his shirt. He had been wounded in the left side just below the floating ribs. His face was gray with fear. The wound looked as though it was mortal. He looked at it for an instant, and then poked it gently with his index finger. He flushed redly, and smiled with satisfaction. He tucked his shirt into his trousers, and was fighting through the ranks again before I had capped my rifle. The play of the Irishman's face was so expressive, his emotions changed so quickly, that I could not keep from laughing.

Near Spotsylvania I saw, as my battery was moving into action, a group of wounded men lying in the shade cast by some large oak trees. They silently looked at us as we marched past them. One wounded man, a blonde giant of about forty years, was smoking a briar-root pipe. He had a firm grip on the pipe stem. I asked him what he was doing.

"Having my last smoke, young fellow," he replied.

His dauntless blue eyes met mine, and he heavily tried to smile. I saw that he was dying fast.

Mr. Webster, on one of his visits to Marshall, heard and brought back to Washington the following good story about the Rev. Dr. Allen, an eccentric Congregational clergyman at Duxbury. When a violin was first introduced into the choir of Dr. Allen's church, the innovation gave great offence to some of the worthy parishioners. Especially was the player of the bass viol exercised with sorrow and indignation, when the frivolous and profane fiddle first took its place in the house of God, by the side of his sedate and pious instrument. He accordingly laid the case before the parish, after listening soberly to his complaints, replied: "It may be as you say, sir; I don't know but you are right; but if you say it strikes me the greater the fiddle, the greater the sin!" The hero of the big fiddle was untamed.

THE CAPTAIN'S MONEY.

A Tale of Buried Treasure, Cuban Revolt, and Adventure Upon the Seas.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

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When at last the two Americans whom we have seen at the Paseo were able to disentangle themselves from the crowd, they began to make their way down to the quay. Their progress was slow. Squads of soldiers patrolled every street, and they were often halted and commanded to give an account of themselves. On these occasions Louis Hunter would stand carefully by his hands in his pockets, while the sailor, who had been prepared by the latter events of the day to act and talk temperately, would pull some folded papers from his breast-pocket, and declared:

"We are both Americans, but perfectly peaceable. We belong to the bark 'Nellie Willis,' in the harbor. I am her Captain, Aaron Willis; this is my nephew, Louis Hunter, who sails with me. Here are my manifest and clearance; we're most ready to sail—only waiting to ship more hands. We've been to the Paseo to see the execution."

This full explanation, with a glance at the papers, and sometimes a question or two, sufficed to pass the two along; and when the Captain's Spanish was not understood, Louis was called upon to explain. As they neared the water the crowd became thinner, and they were able to walk more rapidly, and converse as they walked.

"By all odds, the most daring thing I ever saw in my life," the Captain declared.

"A man couldn't try it once out of ten thousand times, and escape a bullet," said the other.

"Just so; and that's what makes the thing so wonderful. Don't you think so?"

"I think it was fool-luck," said Louis.

The Captain eyed him savagely. Anger and disgust by turns ruled his face.

"Tell you what, Louis," he said, as he smote his open palm with his fist, "the time is coming pretty fast when the cabin of the 'Nellie Willis' won't be big enough to hold you and me. You've angered me more this afternoon than I want to be angered in a whole month. Are you all selfishness, from head to heels? Did you ever say a generous thing, or admire another man's words or acts, in your life—say?"

"O bother, uncle—you tire me with your sentiment."

"Very well, sir—I won't tire you much longer. Your knowledge of Spanish has been of service to me, in getting my cargo and doing my business here; but I can't put up with your ways and manners. I shan't ask you to make another trip with me."

"I'm delighted to hear you say so," Louis replied, in his most offensive tone.

After this explosion, the two walked on in silence. At the quay a disagreeable surprise awaited them. A strong guard of soldiers was posted wherever a boat could approach or leave it, and all communication with the vessels anchored out in the harbor was absolutely cut off. Several boats had approached as near the landings as they were permitted; among them Captain Willis recognized one from his own vessel.

"How long is this to last, I'd like to know?" the indignant Captain inquired of the officer of the guard, and received in reply the laconic answer which all Spaniards in authority delight to make to questioners, and which signifies in English: "Who knows?"

"I guess it will last all night, easy enough," Louis remarked. Captain Willis silently assented; and the two turned back to the city to secure a lodging.

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

THE BARK AND HER CAPTAIN.

The good bark "Nellie Willis" had been for some years voyaging between Boston and Havana. Her ordinary cargo for the low latitudes was salted fish, and her return cargo was rum, molasses or tobacco; sometimes all three. Her master was also her owner, and bluff Captain Willis had been so long in the coastwise trade, had for so many years sailed his own vessels, and had such a rare combination of business shrewdness with good seamanship, that those who knew him thought that he must have much wealth laid up. But the fact was that nobody knew the Captain very well; and as he was accustomed to keep his own counsels, all that was said about his possessions was based on guesses, and not on knowledge.

The experience of Captain Willis covered many years and embraced many voyages; but something quite uncommon had occurred upon the present trip. When he cast anchor in Havana harbor, more than two weeks before, he found himself almost without a crew. A storm off Hatteras, unusual at this season of the year, had severely tried his staunch vessel; and though she rode it out in safety, it was with the loss of three able seamen who fell overboard in the gale.

Before the coast of Cuba was sighted five more men were taken down almost in a day with a malignant fever. One died in a few hours, the other four were sent to the hospital as soon as the anchor was dropped in the harbor. Short-handed as he was left, it had been with the greatest difficulty that Captain Willis had been able to work his ship in, and now came the crowning calamity of the voyage. Sailors are proverbially superstitious, and the occurrences of this passage had made a deep impression upon the remainder of the crew of the "Nellie Willis." The Captain observed whisperings and consultations among them, and though they worked faithfully taking in the return cargo, he could see that there was trouble brew-

ing two days before September 1, when the freight of tobacco and molasses was all stored below, five of the seamen came aft, and one of them, cap in hand, addressed him. The spokesman said that he and his mates had made up their minds that the "Nellie" had become an unlucky ship, and that they dared not return to Boston in her. They had worked the ship faithfully on the voyage down, and they asked to be paid off for the half-voyage, and discharged.

Captain Willis was the very last man aboard who would tolerate any conduct of this kind from his sailors. He sternly ordered them back to their duty, telling them that they had shipped for the whole voyage, and the whole voyage they must make. He added in a significant way that such men could not be trusted with shore leave, and that they must stay on board till the anchor was up again.

The Captain flattered himself that he had settled the matter by his firm words and decided way; but he did not know the spirit of these men. They had determined that they would never return to Boston on the "Nellie." That night the whole five tried to swim ashore. Two were carried out to sea by the swift current and drowned; the third body of another was found floating in the next morning, almost bitten in two by a shark; as the other two were not heard of again, it was never known whether they reached the quay safely, or whether they succumbed to some of the many perils of this harbor.

Captain Willis now found himself reduced to his mate, Ben Hardy, the cook, and a single seaman, beside his nephew, who knew nothing about working the ship. In no pleasant frame of mind, he went ashore and offered a large premium to a shipping agent to procure him a crew immediately. The agent promised to do his best, and went to work. The same evening he visited the Captain on board his vessel.

"It's no use, sir," he said. "I've found a dozen able seamen in Havana who want to ship; but one and all flatly refuse to sail with you."

"What do the rascals mean?" the Captain demanded.

"Why, the truth is, sir, the story about your bark being unlucky has been spread all over, and they won't go in her."

"The idiots!" shouted Captain Willis, stamping about his cabin. "I've sailed this bark for more than a dozen years, and nothing has gone amiss until this voyage. Never lost a man overboard before; never had more than a day's sickness before."

"Well, sir, you know what sailors are better than I do. Those fellows deserting, and at least three of 'em getting wound up at it, has fixed the thing, so there's no use in my talking about it. I'll try and get you a picked-up lot, of all sorts; but better than that I can't do."

The Captain raged and stormed at the idea of his going back to Boston with a crew of "fore-the-masters; but he had to yield to the inevitable, and the agent went ashore with instructions to do the best he could.

All the next day the agent was bringing out to the bark by ones and twos the newly-shipped crew, until eleven had been secured. The Captain examined each man, and his temper was by no means improved when he found that there was not one able seaman among the lot. There were four negroes, powerful, muscular fellows, who had been working as stevedores, and who had made up their minds that they would like a sea-voyage. They carried clasp-knives in their waistbands, and were not a very pleasant lot to look at. Four more were depraved-looking Creoles, the very dregs of the Spanish population, with four as villainous-looking faces as were ever seen aboard ship. Two more were vagrant stowaways, who had come from Liverpool on a merchant vessel, getting the rope's-end liberally on the passage, and after spending a month at Havana in the calaboose, upon being released they went straight to the shipping-office, not knowing where else to go. The eleventh was a mulatto, almost a giant in size, with a sullen, ugly look about the eyes. His account of himself was that he was a free man, had worked on tobacco-lands back of Cardenas, and had come to Havana to engage in something different; he didn't much care what.

This man the Captain eyed very closely.

"There's something about your motions, my man," he said, "that makes me think that you know more of the sea than you want to tell. Walk across the deck."

The mulatto hesitated.

"Start!" thundered the Captain. The man walked to the other side, and returned.

"That walk can't be disguised. You're an old sailor; what your reason is for concealing it, I don't know nor



"START!" THUNDERED THE CAPTAIN.

care; only don't try to play up queer with me. Go forward." The mulatto sullenly obeyed.

Upon the morning of the 1st of September the Captain went ashore with his nephew, leaving faithful Ben Hardy, the mate, in charge of the vessel and the unpromising crew. His chief

errand was to see the agent; but the agent was able to tell him nothing encouraging about the prospect of obtaining any good men. He had ordered the mate to keep close watch on the new men, and to shoot without hesitation any of them whom he found trying to desert; and also to keep Dick Purvis, the only remaining seaman of the old crew, at the landing all day, for the use of the agent, should he secure any more men. We have seen that the boat was waiting off the pier when the Captain and Louis came down that afternoon from the Paseo, but that the vigilance of the military authorities in the search for the escaped prisoner prevented them from returning to the bark at that time. The two walked up to the city, called at the agents and learned that he had had no further success, and then repaired to an American lodging house which was well known to both of them.

Louis Hunter had made the acquaintance of some boon companions among the Cuban youth while the bark had been in the harbor, and he now proposed to "make a night of it." Captain Willis, fatigued with the excitement of the day, and much disturbed by the recent occurrences upon and about his vessel, went to bed soon after supper. Shortly after dark Louis sallied forth to look next morning. He had not reached the next street when he was stopped by the patrol and examined. That he was an American subjected him to instant suspicion, and he was therefore taken to the guard-house for further examination. Here he was confined in a dark and ill-ventilated room for three hours with a lot of "suspects" who had fallen into the clutches of the patrol. One at a time they were taken out and interrogated by an officer. It was near eleven o'clock when Louis' turn came. After a close questioning the officer was apparently satisfied that the young man was not a filibuster, and discharged him, with a warning to go back to his lodgings and not be seen in the streets again that night. In not the best of tempers at the loss of his night's carouse, he obeyed. Upon inquiring of his uncle, he found that he, too, had had more experience with the Cuban authorities. The house had been visited by an armed party, and thoroughly searched. Captain Willis had been examined, his papers appearing scrutinized, and the officer appearing suspicious of all American ship-captains, because, as he wisely observed, "they might have brought some filibusters into port," had compelled him to dress himself and accompany him to the American Consul to be identified. This irritating procedure had been gone through with, and Louis found his uncle walking his chamber by the light of a tallow candle, literally cursing all Spaniards and Cubans, and raging like a caged lion.

"So you're back, are you?" he said, in a rather mild tone, as Louis entered. "I was thinking those high-waymen had got you."

"They did, and only just let me go," said the other, sulkily.

"Well, I'll be cursed! But never mind; we'll get to sea to-morrow, in some shape, crew or no crew; and if the 'Nellie' ever comes down this way again, it will be when a few Americans and Cuban patriots haven't half scared the whole Spanish nation out of their wits."

Had Louis Hunter possessed a frank, sympathizing nature he would have embraced this opportunity to remove all misunderstandings with his uncle. The old sea-dog was now in that frame of mind that made him wish to talk with some one, and with Louis especially, about the stirring events of the day, the inconveniences and annoyances suffered from the Cuban authorities, and the dubious prospects of the return voyage of the bark, with her picked-up crew. But Louis had neither generosity of heart nor nobility of nature. He was cold, selfish and sinister; he had no real affection for the man who had faithfully tried, in his own rough, heavy way, to benefit him; and it may be—I do not know—that some dark schemes of self-aggrandizement, prompted by late events, had already entered the young man's brain. However that may be, it is certain that he repelled all the Captain's friendly advances, went to bed, and was presently asleep. Captain Willis also soon retired; but this rude disturbance of his slumbers had made him wakeful, and it was not until the clock struck two that sleep visited his eyes. Then his rest was uneasy, and troubled by dreams in which were mingled in one grand confusion Cuban garrotes, escaping filibusters, sick sailors, storms, calms and helpless vessels drifting without crews. Nor did his slumbers become calm and peaceful till another vision had soothed them—a dream of a quiet home in far-away New England, and faces there that were very dear to the old sea-dog's heart.

PART I.—CHAPTER V.

ON THE DECK.

The master of the "Nellie" awoke the next morning in a state of uneasiness lest he should be kept away from his vessel for another day. Louis wanted to remain in the city some hours longer; but the Captain declared that he should get back to the bark just as soon as he was allowed, and would then weigh anchor at once. After an early breakfast Louis sullenly followed him down to the quay. Many small boats were waiting here under the surveillance of the guard, the "Nellie's" among them. The hour was not yet nine, but quite a crowd of sailors had gathered, anxious to return to their vessels. The officer of the guard closely examined all of them, permitted the greater number to enter their boats, and detained a few for further examination. Captain Willis and Louis easily passed, and were about to step into the boat which Dick Purvis pulled up to the steps, when the shipping-agent hastened up, followed by a man in a worn suit of sailor's clothes.

"I've got another man for you, Captain," he said. "He claims to be an able seaman; but, unluckily, he can't speak a word of English. But I thought, considering everything, you'd

like to take him. He talks Spanish fast enough, anyway."

This last acquisition of the agent was a man of apparently fifty years of age. His bristly hair was grizzled, his shoulders were slightly stooped, and his forehead and cheeks were wrinkled. His face had the decided hue of the Spaniard. A great patch almost concealing his left eye gave rather an unpleasant aspect to his face. He was not heavily built; his motions were alert, and he seemed strong.

"Will you take him, sir?" asked the agent.

The Captain looked at this new sailor with no great enthusiasm in his face.

"Mr. Simmons," he said, "you've already brought me eleven of the worst looking fellows that ever stood on a



"ANOTHER OF THE SAME SORT."

deck; and now here's another of the same sort. Suppose he is a seaman—I can't swear in Spanish. But suppose we might as well have a round dozen of 'em. Put him in the boat."

Before this could be done the man had to be examined by the officer. He answered all the questions asked him in good Spanish, which the Captain caused Louis to interpret to him. He said his name was Jose Gardez; that he was fifty-five years old, and was born at Bahia Honda, of Spanish parents. He was bred a sailor, and had always followed the sea. He had lately been on the merchant ship "Cid Campeador" between Cadiz and Havana; but he had been sick, and his ship had sailed a week before without him. He did not want to be idle, and this was the first chance he had got.

This account was perfectly satisfactory to the officer; he nodded permission; and in a few moments the stout arms of Dick Purvis were propelling the party across the harbor.

Captain Willis was no sooner on deck than he called for the mate.

"Call the crew aft, Mr. Hardy," he said. "I've a word to say to them."

They came, most of them sauntering along with their hands in their pockets, and looking altogether very unlike a good ship's company. The four negroes stood in a group by themselves. Dick Purvis stood with his cap in his hand, in an attitude of respectful attention; the others were collected behind these. Captain Willis surveyed them a moment with an eye like a hawk, and then spoke clearly and distinctly:

"My men, I've sailed the seas for well nigh forty years, and I've commanded ships for thirty; but this is the first time I ever went with a lot of green hands. Dick Purvis, avast there!—stand aside; you know this talk ain't for you. Except Mr. Hardy and Dick, I learn that there's only two seamen now in the ship. We've got a voyage of nearly two thousand miles to make, and a valuable cargo aboard. You can't learn to be sailors on this trip—but you can learn a good deal. You'll be well treated by Mr. Hardy and myself—but there's one thing you must understand now, right at the start. You must obey orders—d'ye hear. I'm the Captain, and Mr. Hardy is the mate of this ship. Louis, put that in Spanish for the benefit of those that don't understand me."

The nephew did as requested.

"That's all. Go forward now. Mr. Hardy, up anchor at once."

The four negroes did not stir.

The others had started, but seeing that something was about to happen, they paused.

"Go forward, I say!" repeated the Captain, sternly.

One of the negroes took a single step in advance of his comrades.

"We hab been deceived," he said, speaking in a thick voice and in broken English. "Dis bad ship; dis unlucky ship; debil in de ship. We four nigger go in um! Put us ashore, sah, quick."

The others heard this startling declaration with various feelings, but every eye was upon the Captain. They saw his face darken, and his little eyes shine like coals. He stood motionless as a post, his head slightly thrown back, and his right hand thrust into the breast of his tightly-buttoned coat. He spoke low, but there was a dangerous rasp in his voice.

"Mr. Hardy, get a pair of handcuffs. Shackles that man, and confine him below three days on bread and water."

There was a low muttering among the negroes as the mate started to obey the order. The balance of the crew edged back a little, as though they wanted to be out of the way of the impending trouble. Dick Purvis stood aside, somewhat nearer the Captain, holding a capstan-bar behind him. To his surprise and delight, he found Jose Gardez by his side with another such bar in his hand, nodding his head to him, as much as to say: "I'm with you." The mate stood close up to the Captain when he spoke, and immediately started for the handcuffs.

The strain and suspense of such a moment is exquisitely painful. All on that deck felt it, though with different thoughts and emotions. The mate was certainly not gone two minutes; but the time that passed before his head emerged above the deck as he ran up the cabin-stairs seemed an age.

The attitude and appearance of one man there ought to be mentioned. This was Louis Hunter. He stood at the right of the Captain, leaning up against the quarter-lark, smoking a cigarette.

He looked on as carelessly as though he had not the slightest interest in what occurred.

The mate went directly to the negro. "Hold out your hands," he said.

With a motion like a flash, the fellow seized the handcuffs and tossed them overboard. One sweep of his powerful arm thrust the mate aside. His clasp-knife was plucked from his waistband, opened and brandished; with a yell he sprang toward the Captain. His eyes were bloodshot and glaring; those who saw his face saw something more pitiless and ferocious than is in the faces of wild beasts.

Some of the men on the deck shuddered; some closed their eyes. Some rejoiced like fiends. Two, at least, started forward, brandishing capstan-bars. Yet they could not have been in time to avail against the agile, sudden movements of this mad human animal.

There was a loud report, the negro suddenly stopped. His eyes rolled horribly in his head; his knife dropped from his grasp. He threw up his arms, plunged forward, and fell in a heap on the deck—dead, with a bullet through his heart!

The Captain advanced a single step. A great navy revolver, still smoking, was in his hand.

"You see what I mean," he quietly said. "Now, to your duty, every man! You all know who is Captain, by this time."

There was not an instant's delay. The crew fell back, dumb and conquered by this stern exhibition of authority. The mate speedily assembled them at the capstan, the anchor came up, the sails were spread, slow and awkwardly, and the bark with wind and current in her favor, so that nothing was needed, sailed out past the frowning guns of Moro Castle, and to the open sea.

The Captain paced the after-deck, and watched the mate as he moved about among the crew. Cool as the man had been through this exciting scene, he now began to feel the revulsion as the strain was removed. He wanted some one to talk to, and looked around for Louis, but he had gone down into the cabin.

In a few moments the mate came aft and touched his cap.

"They're doing fairly well, sir," he said. "Lubbers, the most of them, but they don't hang back now. I reckon we shall get all out of them that they can do."

"Very well, Mr. Hardy. Who's at the wheel?"

"Right again. We're well out of the harbor, I should think."

"Quite outside, sir."

"Keep her east by north for the present."

"East by north, sir."

"And I say, Mr. Hardy, just see if there is any life in that fellow on the deck there. I meant to shoot him straight through the heart, and I think I did."

The mate went and turned the cumbersome body over on its back. A pool of



THERE WAS A LOUD REPORT.

dark blood had gathered on the deck.

"He is quite dead, sir."

"Very good. Now you will see, Mr. Hardy, since this thing has happened in port, it would ordinarily be correct to make a report of it to the United States Consul, and have the body taken ashore, ask for an inquiry and all that. As things are, I'll do nothing of the kind. I wouldn't stay another day in this harbor for a million. Have the deck swabbed up, Mr. Hardy, and the body taken below and sewed up in spare canvas, with an hundred pound weight at the heels, and tonight chuck it overboard."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"You think these fellows are pretty well quieted now—eh, Hardy?"

"I should think so, sir," replied the mate, with a smile.

"Well, you and I will have to take tricks at the wheel with Purvis, till we know whom we can rely on—I'm going below now for an hour. Keep close watch, and call me if anything happens. You've got a pistol?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

PART I.—CHAPTER VI.

A SURPRISING REVELATION.

Captain Willis had not entirely disposed of his cargo of salted fish at Havana; he had about a fourth of it still on board. He had learned that there was a good market for it at Nassau, and he had resolved to take the Bahamas on his course home and dispose of this surplus.

He had often sailed this course—along the Cuban coast to Matanzas, thence up the Bahama Channel, Port Abaco and Eleuthera, and so out into the North Atlantic. Nassau was but two days' sail, provided the winds were what he might reasonably expect at this season.

But well as he knew the route, we find him now with his charts spread out on the cabin table, locating the many islands of this group, and carefully examining the various channels and passes. It was Captain Willis' boast that he had never lost a ship; and, certainly, if care, and study, and good seamanship could avail, he was not likely to.

Satisfying himself, for the present, about the course, he put away the charts. Looking out from the cabin bull's-eye on the starboard side, he saw ten miles away over the sparkling waves the mountainous coast of Cuba. The bark was bowling along before a

southwesterly breeze; he was at sea again; he shook off in a moment all disagreeable thoughts of the harsh and necessary event of the morning, and indulged in some pleasing reflections of the profits that he was likely to make on this voyage. Unlocking a small locker in the side of the cabin, he took out two canvas bags and weighed them in his hands. They were heavy; they well might be, since each was full of Spanish and Mexican gold pieces. He carefully replaced the bags in the locker.

The bells sounding the hour from the deck told him that it was now four o'clock. He remembered his promise to the mate to return in an hour. As he put on his hat to go above, a thought of Louis occurred to him. He had not seen him since the tragic incident of the morning. What could the boy mean by shunning him at such a time? His conduct had been so strange lately that the Captain was seriously troubled by it. Considerably agitated by these reflections, Captain Willis was about to go on deck, when he heard a smart rap at the cabin-door. The mate entered in answer to his bidding.

ONE OF THE SLEEPY KIND.

I love to wake at early dawn,
When sparrows "cheep,"
And then turn over with a yawn
And go to sleep.

I love to see the rising sun—
In picture books,
In nature I don't care a bun
How the sun looks.

I love to lie abed each morn,
In dreamy doze,
And make the neighborhood forlorn
With tuncful noise.

I love to draw the blankets well
'Round my chin;
To hear the breakfast bell—
Confound it din!

In short, I love the sweet embrace
Of slumber deep;
And heaven-to me—will be a place
Where I can sleep.

—Somerville Journal.

Bill Nye Contributes His Mite to the Tobacco Question.

Tobacco has been known to our race for about four centuries, and during that time it has made wonderful strides.

It is sad to think of the suffering that existed throughout the length and breadth of the land before tobacco was discovered.

Tobacco is grown upon the rich, red hillsides of North Carolina and Virginia by means of agriculture. The best fertilizer is the handwork of Signor Giano, of Peru, whose works are very popular in the South.

The soil is then tilled with the hoe, and an African humorist who can amuse a plantation in this way, readily commands a salary of about \$1 per month.

Fertilizing is quite expensive, and it requires a good crop to get even on the year's expenditures for labor, fertilizers, etc. One man I heard of the other day sold his crop two weeks ago, and still lacked \$4.83 of having enough to pay off Mr. Giano.

Tobacco is a strong, growing, herbaceous, fuzzy annual, rising from a height of six feet to nine previously "topped."

The only ornament worn by the adult tobacco plant is a large, thick set worm, which may be secured by interlocking him between the leaves of Mr. Webster's verbose dictionary and then deftly closing the volume.

On opening the book years afterward the still features of the worm may still be detected.

The pinhooker is a peculiar feature of the private sale business. Pinhookers work in threes. Pinhooker A goes to the horn-handled producer, and says: "I will give you \$50 for your lot; tobacco is falling a little to-day, and I will not offer an hour." The producer refuses to accept the offer.

Pinhooker B comes up to him and says: "I'll offer you \$65 for your lot if you give me a reply soon. What do you say?"

The planter gets a little scared over the falling market, but refuses to sell.

Then C comes in and offers \$80 if accepted promptly, and the now thoroughly frightened offerer rushes around to find A and accept his bid. But A says it is too late—the market is too shaky. He then sours the premises for B, who reluctantly takes the goods at about \$15 less than they are worth.

Tobacco is used in the preparation of snuff, fine-cut tobacco and plug tobacco. It is frequently used also to flavor cigars and sometimes in the better grade of cigarettes.

For years it has been a favorite amusement on the part of the United States to jerk a few millions of revenue now and then out of the poor tobacco agriculturist and soak the amount into the various avenues where the great sausage grinder of government needed more means.

Taak is the reason why so many nickel cigars are being sacrificed at the rate of two for a quarter.

The Pharaohs.

Modern research has seldom brought the dead past into more vivid contrast to the living present than in the case of the recent discoveries amid the royal tombs of Egypt. The two most interesting articles in the *May Century* are on this subject. The one is entitled "Finding Pharaoh," and the other "Pharaoh and his Daughter." The particular Pharaoh in question is the same in both cases, the renowned Ramesses II., known to the Greeks as Sesostris, and to Jews and Christians as he who, knowing not Joseph, oppressed the Children of Israel.

The first of these articles gives a very graphic account of the finding of this ancient majesty's corpse in the place where it had been buried amid mighty lamentation more than three thousand years ago. Time, which blots out so much, had blotted out from the memory of man the location of the royal resting place, and it was accidentally that its discovery was made. The circumstances attending this discovery belong to the romance of this branch of science. For some time the officials of the museum at Bulak had been puzzled to understand how visitors from Thebes brought back so many curiosities known to belong to the time of Ramesses II., his father and his grandfather.

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VARIETIES.

TWO LITTLE STORIES.—At the Stewart exhibition at the American Art Galleries last week a young gentleman's attention was called to a certain painting for which the young lady who accompanied him professed unbounded admiration. He didn't like it as well as she did—didn't like it at all, in fact, and expressed his disapprobation in audible terms. His companion was abashed. "Why," she exclaimed, "it's a Murillo!" The young gentleman was disconcerted for a second, but instantly recovered his presence of mind and snubbed his mentor with: "Well, really, I saw so much of that sort of thing when I was abroad that I got tired and sick of it!" In which connection a friend, who was living in Dresden a few years ago, tells me this anecdote: "I was sitting alone in the gallery one day, gazing at the Sistine Madonna, when two or three American women entered the room. 'Well,' exclaimed one of them, who had never seen the famous painting before, 'I must say I'm disappointed. After all I'd heard about it I expected to see something showier than that!' Her friend was cast down for a moment, but presently plucked up heart enough to say, apologetically: 'But you forgot how old it is. Considering how long ago it was painted, I think it's pretty well done!'"—N. Y. Critic.

THAT we depend upon all our senses for our general impressions may easily be ascertained by attempting to dispense with the aid of one or more of them. A short-sighted, deaf gentleman thus records his impressions of a solo played upon a bass viol at a recent English concert:

The professor then carried upon the platform a gigantic beetle, attached to the end of a sort of lamp post. He leaned over and fondly embraced it, tickling its back violently with a long comb.

The spectators seemed delighted at this display of scientific affection. The beetle was apparently quite unmoved.

Then the professor gave a capital imitation of a drunken man and a lamp-post. He swayed rapidly up and down, clutching at all points. Sometimes his fingers quivered passionately upon one spot, like an ill-tempered man struggling with an obstinate piece of brass. Sometimes he rested momentarily, as one rests after a contest with a stiff white tie.

Finally, he gave a last convulsive tickle to the huge beetle, picked himself

(Continued from First Page.)

casual glance, that the comparison of profits between farming and other occupations was against farming as the difference between twenty-five per cent and thirty-three per cent upon the capital employed. While I admit that there is a difference in the direction indicated in mere dollars and cents, I nevertheless argue that the difference is not so great as the figures show, in point of the actual comparative benefits derived.

I have remarked that there are sources of profit, and of material, vital benefit to the prudent, thrifty and enterprising farmer, which do not appear here, nor in any official returns or estimates that we get; and those profits and benefits are by no means inconsiderable. The refuse from kitchen and orchard and garden and bin and barn fatten many a nice porker and chicken. The stubble lands from which the wheat, the oats and the barley have been cut, help to make mutton of a few sheep that may be getting too old to pass through the shears any longer with profit. Every year the careful farmer rears a colt or two, or some other stock upon which costs him nothing but the trouble of taking care of it, and upon food which the wasteful man reckons only as a garbage or waste from the selling season. The meadow lands, after the season's mowing, if they do not yield a crop of clover seed, or seed of other grass, are rich mowing grounds for the younger brutes of the farm, or even make fine change of pasture for the cows in the latter months of the season. Even during the winter, the coarser products of the farm which do not get to market directly, or bring cash of themselves, as the chaff, the straw, the refuse apples and potatoes, are continually being converted into the bones and muscles of animals, and help largely to carry through the young stock. From unreckoned and almost unseen sources such as these, which do not find mention in the statistics, and of which little is often thought, the careful farmer realizes a solid and continuous return, and adds largely to the sum of his substantial wealth.

But greatest of all these unreckoned benefits derived by the farmer from his farm, is that almost untraceable and yet vital one, the farmer's living—that largest indispensable portion of the sustenance for his family and himself which is constantly derived from the farm without any cash expenditure, and which would yet consume a very large amount of cash were he obliged to purchase it in the markets like the town's people. Taking all of these uncalculable benefits into consideration on the side of the farmer, the difference which appears as against him upon the face of the estimates is very materially reduced. I am soundly convinced that the difference, if any there be, is less than the majority of people are prone to believe.

Many persons, notably young people, are apt to judge the degrees of a man's prosperity by the amount of money which he handles from day to day; or the profits of a given avocation by the same criterion of visible cash. There is no criterion of judgment so utterly baseless and unreliable. The money which a retailer or a commission man handles in a day or week, affords no standard by which to judge his profits, or even his income. The bulk of the values which he handles is not his at all in any sense of profit or of income, but only a small margin. Many men who make millions every year, handle but very little money. The retailer who seems to the Miss at the counter, to be handling so much money (so much to her eyes) and to be so rich, has to handle and re-handle ten thousand dollars worth of stuff to get one thousand, while the farmer or the professional man, whose pocketbook she sees only occasionally, owns exactly one hundred cents of every dollar that he handles. Furthermore, while the capital of the merchant or the manufacturer is in a form where fire or flood may consume or sweep it to destruction in an hour; the capital of the farmer is in indestructible lands. Even the professional man, who can boast that he carries his capital in his mind, and that neither thieves, nor fire nor flood can despoil him of it, is still not so safe as the farmer who owns his farm; for sickness may prostrate the man of intellectual pursuits, but the increase of the farmer's fields abides through sickness and health, through the night and the day.

Of course these excellent benefits of which I speak last, come in their fullness only to the farmer who owns his farm and is out of debt. No farmer is independent while in debt. Debt is the heartless taskmaster who will drive him a slave through life, and lash him at last to the sepulchre or a slave. Shut it, O young farmer, as you would the pestilence. Hear, then, the sum of the whole matter. Taking into consideration all of the advantages of the farm which I have mentioned, I believe that the difference in the percentage of profits which mere figures show between farming and other vocations, is more than over-balanced by the blessings of an investment where the elements cannot destroy it, of a home which is the owner's castle, and that surety of living and sustenance which no financial crisis nor ordinary calamity can defeat. The element of certainty enters into all of its affairs, as it does not into those of other vocations. Even the cash profits afford a sure increase; and when we add to these the peaceful and sure advantages which follow as I have described, the avocation of the intelligent farmer becomes the prince of employments, worthy to be followed by the sturdy yeomanry of the grandest and freest nation upon earth.

If by "per cent of profit" is signified the sum total of the blessings and benefits received and realized, then no other occupation for the world can rank as the equal of agriculture; for its income of peace and security, of health and strength, of home delight and of genuine independence, are worth more than "cent per cent," richer than the gold of the treasury, unpurchasable as a pure heart.

There are no homes so sweet as the farm homes; there is no life so true or so natural as the farm life; and I should think years to live, every year should be given to the farm, and every day I would try and make the farm a little better. Yes, farming does pay a larger per cent on the capital employed than do other occupations.

Veterinary Department

Conducted by Prof. Robert Jennings, Veterinary Surgeon. Professional advice through the columns of the Michigan Farmer to all regular subscribers free. The full name and address will be necessary that we may identify them as subscribers. The symptoms should be accurately described to ensure correct treatment. No questions answered professionally by mail unless accompanied by a fee of one dollar. Private address, No. 201 First St., Detroit, Mich.

A Good Example for Others to Follow.

Mr. Fred. Hood, of Iowa, writes the following letter:

WATERLOO, IOWA, May 30, 1885.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In reply to a former inquiry as to what ailed my horse's tail, you wished me to report the progress of your treatment. The tail seems to be all right or nearly so; one is slightly kinked yet at the tip and the other seems to be all right minus one-half its natural hair. Would also say thanks for your good advice.

FRED. HOOD.

That our subscribers may better understand our meaning we republish the original letter, with our reply.

PILARE MALUM IN HORSES.

WATERLOO, IOWA, April 4, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a couple of horses that the hair in their tails seems to be rotten, kinks up similar to curled hair, breaks and pulls out with the brush so that their tails are almost spoiled; there are five other horses in the barn, none of which are affected. I am hoping something wrong with one about ten days before the other; one is a mare, the other a gelding. Their stable is clean and dry and horses in good condition. Enclosed find a sample of hair from both tails.

FRED. HOOD.

Answer.—The two specimens of hair taken from the tails of your horses were duly received, and carefully examined. The cause of the crisp and brittle condition of the hair is due to lack of nutrition, evidently caused by chronic inflammation of the hair follicles or bulbs of the hair. Treatment.—Wash the skin clean with castile soap and water; wash with cloth and apply the following solution once a day for a week, using a soft sponge for the purpose. Hypophosphite soda, four ounces; dissolve in one gallon rain water. Give internally nuxvomica, pulv., one ounce; sulphate iron, pulv., two ounces; Gentian root, pulv., four ounces; Fennel seed, pulv., one ounce; mix and divide into twenty-four powders; give one powder night and morning in the feed, or on the tongue. Report progress in two weeks, that we may know how the cases are progressing and advise you accordingly.

Such a course would stimulate interest in this department. Farmers, you can make this column a medium of instruction if you will. Care should be taken in describing symptoms that will aid us in making a satisfactory diagnosis. A subscriber writes us, "I have a horse lame in off front leg, sometimes I think it is in the shoulder, and sometimes in the foot. Can you tell me what ails him?" It would be no difficult task for him to say: He lifts his foot clear, or drags it on the ground; carries the limb straight forward, or gives it a lifting and outward swing; as simple as these appear to be they are positive diagnostic symptoms. Also report result of treatment prescribed, so we and others may know whether it has proved beneficial.

Stumbling Horses.

CASPOWILL, MICH., May 31, 1887.
To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I have a five year old horse that stumbles when driven to carriage on the road. He is sound and travels well when driven, on a fast trot, but when jogging or walking, at times appears to strike or stub point of forward toes on the ground, causing him to pitch a little forward. His foot is not wide but quite deep. The smith says his feet are perfectly healthy. I think he stands a little too straight on his ankles. He has never been shod much, and stumbles about as much when shoes are off as when on. If you can give me directions how to shoe him so as to prevent stumbling they will be greatly appreciated.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—The cause or causes of stumbling in the horse are supposed to be due to alteration or malformation, of one or more of the several structures making up the anatomy of the front legs of the animal, usually of an obscure character. Lesion from hurt or injury in any part of the legs, causing unnatural action, may cause stumbling, more particularly when above the hoof. Increased speed gives the muscles greater power in raising the feet from the ground, thus temporarily preventing the stumbling. The evil may in some cases be remedied by an observing shoe. No one form of shoe will answer for all stumbling horses. The shoeing should be done at one shop, giving the smith an opportunity of making such alteration in the next set as may be indicated by the wear of the set remove. Occasionally the evils remedied in this manner.

The Operation of Tenotomy for Crooked Foot in a Young Colt.

OLIVET, June 1st, 1887.
Veterinary Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

I come again to you for advice, this time for a colt, four days old, that walks on the fetlock joint, the feet being bent back and up. I can, with some force, fetch him forward to his proper place; but they will, when loosened, go back again. I have tried splints, but they make his joints swell. I thought of using plaster of Paris, but will now wait your advice. The colt is a Clydesdale, and is sound and all right excepting the forward feet. Please answer and oblige.

A SUBSCRIBER.

Answer.—In forcing the foot forward the tension upon the tendon will be too great, causing excessive inflammation of the surrounding tissues, resulting in complete failure. We would advise you to call a veterinary surgeon (if the colt is of sufficient value) to perform the operation of tenotomy, or dividing the tendon, (flap operation.) The foot then can be brought straight without force, and retained in place by proper bandages, stiffened by strips of sole leather. If not too late, this operation, properly performed and dressed, will probably prove successful.

Anonymous.

We have received this week two anonymous communications asking veterinary advice through the columns of the FARMER. If the writers are subscribers, and will send us their full names and addresses that we may know them to be entitled to such advice, we will answer their questions in the succeeding number of the FARMER.

THE VETERINARY PROFESSION.

Paper read at Farmers' Institute held at Fitchburg, February 17 and 18, 1887, by Dr. W. W. Thorburn, V. S.

The veterinary profession is a profession that is only in its infancy, and one that has had a great many obstacles to encounter; but the onward progress of veterinary science during the past two decades has probably never been equaled in any other profession.

From a position of comparative obscurity it has sprung into such importance that one of our most eminent scientists of the day has expressed his opinion that no university is complete without a chair of comparative pathology, and it may truly be said that no profession henceforward will offer more inducements to talented young men for its study than the veterinary, nor offer a greater path to professional eminence.

The veterinary is a noble profession, and much depends on the student and practitioner, and if they never disgrace it, it will never disgrace them; but it is none the less true that the profession has been disgraced by men who pretend to know all about the horse and his diseases, when in reality they know very little, if anything, and would better be graced by the title beer-guzzler or whiskey-topper. This class of men have done more to disgrace the practice of veterinary medicine than can be told. Were I disposed, I could mention certain parties who when called to see a patient will order "a quart of the best whiskey you can find, and be sure you don't mix it." The owner may think himself lucky if the horse gets at most one-half of it, that is provided he needs it. For a long time the valuable life stock of our country was left to the tender mercies of uneducated men, with only a few educated veterinarians, and those were graduates from European colleges; but the dawn is breaking, and we now have three recognized veterinary schools on this side of the Atlantic, the New York Veterinary College, the Montreal Veterinary College, and the Ontario Veterinary College of Toronto, which school I am proud to claim as my alma mater. This college was established in 1862, under the control of the Agricultural and Arts Association of Toronto. In 1866 the government decided to grant diplomas to such as had studied a specified time and were able to pass a satisfactory examination. There were three graduates that year, and there has been a steady increase ever since till we now have more than five hundred graduates in successful practice in Canada and the United States. The session of 1883-4 there were one hundred and seventy-five students in attendance, the present session there are three hundred and sixty. So you can see with what favor the Ontario Veterinary College is meeting. The hardest thing a young veterinarian has to contend with is an uneducated public and the cheap horse-doctor. By the cheap horse doctor I mean one who never paid one dollar to educate himself, but has a cure-all for every disease known and some that are not known. To illustrate, I was called to attend a case that I diagnosed as colic, prognosis unfavorable. The owner thought I might be mistaken, so he called one of the above referred to, and after he had examined the case till he was satisfied, the owner asked him what he thought of it. He said it was a case of inflammation, not in any particular part, but inflammation all over, inflammation of the flesh, not of the blood. Who would be satisfied with such a diagnosis? I was not, nor was the owner. One reason for a great many cases terminating fatally, that to the casual observer should not so terminate, is the fact that competent surgeons are not called until the stable foreman has exhausted his skill and tried the various remedies recommended by those around him, who do not know any more than himself, and by this time the patient, if not already in the agonies of death, is almost incurable, and the chances of recovery very poor. The surgeon candidly tells them the case will prove fatal. The owner or groom insists that the surgeon was called upon the appearance of the first symptoms, and then when death results the competency of the surgeon is questioned, and he is characterized as no good. Half of the people of this world consider themselves fully capable of prescribing for every ill flesh is heir to, and in proportion to the smallness of their knowledge of other subjects, their own estimation of their ability as horse and cow doctors rises. Men who have no more idea of anatomy than a child has of legislation, and who would think physiology some new fangled remedy for the colic, are sure that by surveying a sick animal with one eye closed, they can locate its disease without a single failure. When the domestic animal is taken sick the owner seems to bid adieu to sense and intelligence, and place his trust in some quack, the more ignorant the better, one reason for so doing the owner claims is, he was afraid if he called a professional he would charge him a few dollars, and he thinks by calling the cheap horse doctor, he would get out with very little expense. In a great many cases the horse doctor is not too late, and he does both lose both the horse and the price of the horse and the cost of treatment, he has to call a veterinary, after the other party has given up the case, and then if he does not save the patient, he is censured as not understanding his business.

The present is an age of deception, and things are not what they seem to be. Deception is running rampant all over the country, and every trade and profession is impregnated with its seeds, and every society has a thin veneering overlying it, even to the upper crust; the straight jacket of fashion is laced so tight that an honest heart can scarcely find room to breathe in it. Side by side we find honest effort and the worst of trickery. Worst of all comes the quack of the medical profession, the greatest curse on earth, who finds in every poisonous weed that grows, a cure for all the diseases flesh is heir to, and more still for many imaginary ailments. Too frequently this treatment ends in an untimely grave for some one's husband, father, mother, child or relative. I will illustrate this by a case that transpired within a few miles of this place. A child was taken sick, and the father called upon one of his neighbors to treat it. The neighbor is one of those cheap horse doctors. He saw the child two or three times and it died; the father said he thought if he could have seen it once more he would have saved it. Why is it the laws of our State are so loose that they allow such

things? There should be some way of punishing such impostors.

It may be however the pretender styles himself a veterinary surgeon, and proceeds to kill the horse by the most improved methods, and consoles himself that it is only a horse. Granted that there is no comparison between the life of the horse and man, but at the same time the horse is man's most valuable and useful animal, and should receive care and attention second only to man; and no argument can excuse the ignorance of the cheeky usurper of the functions of the competent veterinary surgeon. This class of scoundrels frequently mistake colic for inflammation of the bowels; and doctors with the affix M. D. have been known to take an eruption caused by a common acid, for the eruption of varioloid. Legislation is fast firing M. D. quacks, and it is to be hoped that actual cautery from practice from some penitentiary, or from the law, and baggage. If the lawyer, the doctor, the druggist, and other professions have to show their eligibility, there is no reason why the same should not be required of practitioners of veterinary medicine.

Commercial.

DETROIT WHOLESALE MARKET.

DETROIT, June 6, 1887.

WHEAT.—The market remains quiet but steady, with a fair demand both from the local trade and for shipment. Quotations are as follows:

Michigan, stone process..... \$3 75 @ 4 00
Michigan roller process..... 4 00 @ 4 25
Michigan patents..... 4 25 @ 4 50
Minnesota, bakers..... 4 50 @ 4 75
Minnesota, patents..... 4 75 @ 5 00
Low grades..... 2 75 @ 3 25

WHEAT.—During the week just passed wheat has not only held its own but shown a slight improvement in values. At the close, however there were few buyers, and the tone of the market showed perceptible signs of weakness. This can be accounted for on the ground of improved crop conditions, especially in this State, from the timely rains, and the fact that the "corner" in Chicago might break at any time and leave them stranded. It is hardly possible for prices to go higher under present conditions, and if they only hold up for the next two weeks there will be little wheat left in this State to carry into the new crop year. Latest quotations were as follows: Spot—No. 1 white, 80c; No. 2 red, 90c; No. 3 red, 85c. Futures—No. 2 red, June, 87c; August, 86c. No. 1 white, June, 87c; August, 86c.

CORN.—Market firm but lower. No. 2 is quoted at 40c for spot; No. 3 sold at 39c.

OATS.—The market is firm and higher. No. 2 white quoted at 33c, and No. 2 mixed at 30c.

BAILEY.—The market is lower. No. 2 State is quoted at \$1 02 1/2 per bushel.

RYE.—Quoted at 50c 3/4 per bushel, with a weak market.

BRAN.—Bran quoted at \$13 00 per ton, coarse middlings at \$12 50 1/2, and fine do at \$12 50 1/4 per ton.

BUTTER.—Receipts of fresh made have been large the past week, and even of good quality there has been more than sufficient for the demand. Prices have consequently declined, and it is difficult to get above 13c 1/4 for dairy, while held over stock or lots of poor quality or bad flavor are practically unsalable at the moment. For creamery 16c 1/2 is the best offer.

CHEESE.—New cheese is offered freely at 10c 1/2 for full cream New York, 9c 1/2 for Michigan, and 8c 1/2 for Ohio.

EGGS.—Fresh command 13c 1/2 per doz. Receipts are light and the market firm.

APPLES.—Market firm at 60c per bushel, for choice fruit, few offerings.

FOREIGN FRUITS.—Lemons, Messina, per box, \$5 00 1/2; oranges, Valencia, per case \$5 00 1/2; Messina, per box, \$5 00 1/2; coconuts, per 100, \$5 00 1/2; bananas, per bunch, \$2 00 1/2; pine apples per doz., \$1 00 1/2. Figs, 12c 1/2 for layers, 12c 1/4 for fancy.

BREWSAX.—Steady at 25c per bushel, as to quality.

HONEY.—Quoted at 2c 1/2 per lb. for comb, and 2c 1/4 for extracted. Market very dull.

BEANS.—Market firm with light offerings. City picked quoted at \$1 75 1/2 per bushel, and unpecked at 80c 1/2 per bushel.

DRIED APPLES.—Market quiet at 6c 1/2 for common, and 14c 1/2 for evaporated. All kinds scarce.

MAPLE SYRUP.—Per gallon can, 90c 1/2. MAPLE SUGAR.—Quoted at 9c 1/2 per lb. The demand fair.

BALD HAY.—Market dull at 50c 1/2 per ton for clover, 11c 1/2 for No. 1 timothy, and 9c 1/2 for No. 2. These prices are for car lots.

SALT.—Michigan, 75c per bushel. In bulk, eastern, 55c; dry, 5c 1/2 per bushel. Ash-ton quar market, 5c 1/2 per bushel.

POTATOES.—Market steady. Old quoted at 85c 1/2 per bushel, out of store and new Southern at 80c 1/2 per bushel. The supply of both is limited and prices are firm.

ONIONS.—Bermudas offered at \$1 50 1/2 per bushel. New Southern quoted at 80c 1/2 per bushel.

POULTRY.—Market rules firm. Quoted as follows: Live, per lb., roosters, 6c; hens, 5c; turkeys, 10c; ducks, 8c 1/2; geese, 8c 1/2; spring ducks, 7c.

HIDES.—Green city, 6c 1/2 per lb., country, 6c 1/4; cured, 7c 1/2; green calf, 5c; salted do, 9c; sheepskins, 50c 1/2 per lb.; bulis, stag and grubby hides 5c off.

STRAWBERRIES.—Choice Michigan are scarce, and held at 2c 1/2 per bushel. Desirable berries were not offered very freely, and stands sold at 80c 1/2 per bushel for Wilsons and \$1 00 1/2 for Sharpless. Lots of soft stock on hand.

TOMATOES.—Quiet at 1c 1/2 per bushel per box, and 2c 1/2 per bushel.

VEGETABLES.—Dealers quote prices as follows: For doz bunches, Canadian radishes, 12c 1/2; onions, 12c 1/2; pea plant, 20c 1/2; per doz, cucumbers, 60c 1/2; per bushel, spinach, 20c 1/2; per dozen bunches, parsley, 20c 1/2; asparagus, 50c 1/2; per bushel, cabbage, 14c 1/2; per bushel, per bushel, wax beans, 1c 1/2; per doz, summer squash, 50c 1/2; egg plant, 1c 1/2.

PROVISIONS.—There is but little change to note in prices. Lard is a shade lower, as is mess beef; everything else unchanged. Quotations here are as follows:

New mess..... 13 75 @ 14 00
Family..... 15 00 @ 15 25
Short clear..... 17 00 @ 17 25
Lard in kegs, per lb..... 6 1/2 @ 6 3/4
Hams, per lb..... 11 1/2 @ 11 3/4
Shoulders, per lb..... 7 1/2 @ 7 3/4
Choice bacon, per lb..... 9 1/2 @ 9 3/4
Extra mess beef, per lb..... 7 1/2 @ 8 00
Tallow, per lb..... 5 1/2 @ 6 00

HAY.—The following is a record of the sales at the Michigan Avenue scales for the past week, with prices per ton:

Tuesday—7 loads: Two at \$18; one at \$14, \$12 1/2, \$12 1/2, \$12 1/2, \$12 1/2, \$12 1/2, \$12 1/2.
Wednesday—One load at \$8.
Thursday—4 loads: One at \$15, \$14 50, \$14 and \$12.
Friday—23 loads: Thirteen at \$14; five at \$13; two at \$12 50; one at \$11, \$14 50 and \$10 50.
Saturday—17 loads: One at \$14; two at \$13, \$11; one at \$16 and \$14 50.

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

At the Michigan Central Yards.

Saturday, June 4, 1887.

CATTLE.

The offerings of cattle at these yards numbered 548 head, against 776 last week. The receipts of Michigan cattle were the lightest of the season, and if it had not been for the receipts of cattle from the west, buyers would have been in a bad shape. As it was, sellers had no difficulty in obtaining strong last week's prices, and by nine o'clock the yards were cleared. The following were the closing quotations:

Extra graded steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,450 lbs..... \$4 25 @ 4 50
Choice steers, fine fat and well formed, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs..... 3 75 @ 4 00
Good steers, well fattened, weighing 900 to 1,100 lbs..... 4 25 @ 4 50
Good mixed butchers' stock—Fat calves, heifers and light steers..... 3 00 @ 3 25
Coarse mixed butchers' stock—Light thin cows, heifers, stags and bulls..... 2 00 @ 2 25
Stags, heavy fat and well formed, 800 to 900 lbs..... 3 00 @ 3 25

C Roes sold Phillips & Wreford a mixed lot of 22 head of good butchers' stock at 92c 1/2 lbs, and a good cow weighing 800 lbs at \$3.

Haywood sold Sullivan & F 14 stockers at 67c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40.

Wymore sold H Robinson a mixed lot of 5 head of coarse butchers' stock at 68c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

C Roes sold Hart Spencer 14 good shipping steers at 16c 1/2 lbs at \$4 40, and 2 at 1,110 lbs at \$4 25.

Haywood sold McIntire 12 thin heifers at 62c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40, and a thin cow weighing 920 lbs at \$3.

Newman sold Switzer & Ackley 7 stockers at 77c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40, and a bull weighing 570 lbs at \$2 1/2.

C Roes sold John Robinson 3 good cows at 90c 1/2 lbs at \$3 50, and a fair steer weighing 1,000 lbs at \$3 25.

Wymore sold Sullivan & F a mixed lot of 7 head of good butchers' stock at 91c 1/2 lbs at \$4, and 2 stockers to Switzer & Ackley at 85c 1/2 lbs at \$3 1/2.

Newman sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 29 head of good butchers' stock at 80c 1/2 lbs at \$3 50, and a coarse cow weighing 600 lbs at \$2 1/2.

C Roes sold John Robinson a mixed lot of 15 head of good butchers' stock at 84c 1/2 lbs at \$3 50, and a coarse cow weighing 1,100 lbs at \$3 25.

Sullivan & F sold Thompson 25 stockers at 77c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40.

White sold Cross 4 thin cows at 82c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40.

Brown & Spencer sold Capis 22 good butchers' steers and heifers at 94c 1/2 lbs at \$4 25.

C Roes sold Sullivan & F 10 stockers at 70c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

Wymore sold John Robinson 3 good cows at 1,100 lbs at \$3 40, and a coarse one weighing 1,200 lbs at \$2 1/2.

THE OFFERINGS OF SHEEP numbered 775 head against 230 last week. The run of sheep is very light at present and the quality poor but buyers take them readily and the prices paid are high for the quality.

Newman sold Young 48 at 94c 1/2 lbs at \$4 25.

White sold Young 98, part lambs, at 57c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

Lowell sold John Robinson 201, part lambs, at 59c 1/2 lbs at \$3 70.

Whittaker sold John Robinson 100 lambs at 46c 1/2 lbs at \$2 1/2.

Wymore sold John Robinson 28, part lambs, at 61c 1/2 lbs at \$3 30.

McCl sold John Robinson 67, part lambs, at 61c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

THE OFFERINGS OF HOGS numbered 233 head, against 507 last week. The demand for hogs was active, and the receipts were closed out at full last week's rates.

Bordine sold Raus 30 at 19c 1/2 lbs at \$4 50.

McCall sold Webb Bros 9 at 20c 1/2 lbs at \$4 75.

C Roes sold Webb Bros 48 at 28c 1/2 lbs at \$4 75.

White sold Raus 12 at 17c 1/2 lbs at \$4 80.

Fairbank sold Webb Bros 1 at 18c 1/2 lbs at \$4 85.

Tait sold Webb Bros 17 at 30c 1/2 lbs at \$4 75.

Weyford & Beck sold 3 thin cows at 80c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

Weyford & Beck sold 10 mixed westerns at 70c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40.

Atsley sold Kamman a mixed lot of 11 head of fair butchers' stock at 82c 1/2 lbs at \$3 60, and a coarse cow weighing 700 lbs at \$2 1/2.

Graham sold Marx 4 fair butchers' steers at 88c 1/2 lbs at \$3 85.

Sheldon sold H Roes 3 thin cows at 80c 1/2 lbs at \$3.

Weyford & Beck sold 10 mixed westerns at 70c 1/2 lbs at \$3 40.

Sheldon sold McGee a mixed lot of 6 head of coarse butchers' stock at 82c 1/2 lbs at \$3, and 2 bulls at 85c 1/2 lbs at \$3 25.